

THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH, 1866.

"Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER.

TERMS: \$2.00—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 42

EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1908.

NO. 43.

OUR HOLIDAY EDITION.

More Elaborate Than Ever.

The very gratifying demand of our business firms for space in the Press this Xmas Tide has started this year in full force, our merchants having eagerly solicited space. In order to supply the demands of our patrons we shall increase our space to meet all. Those desiring increased advertisements will confer a favor by calling at once, in order that they may be served. These great papers are not cheaply gotten up sheets, simply for the advertisements but are profusely illustrated with the best stories, appropriate Christmas and New Year's pages and all that money can purchase. Our great Serial Story, commencing this week, entitled "Minkie," superbly illustrated, is especially adapted for the holiday season. It is a great story and while it cost us a snug amount we feel that our patrons are entitled to the best.

While it is hard work and a heavy expense we feel richly repaid for our efforts by the many expressions of pleasure from our friends and very often receive flattering notices from those who are not our friends, who admire a good thing when they see it. The following very flattering notice appeared in the Western Publisher, of Chicago, Ill., last January, which we publish at this time in order that our patrons may see how others see us in distant cities: "H. H. Mullin, publisher of the Emporium Press, certainly did himself proud on his holiday edition, which was a wonder for so small a town. It contained four parts of eight pages each, thirty-two pages in all, printed on book paper. The edition was excellent in every way and the surprise is how he managed to do all of the extra work in so short a time. We trust the undertaking showed up well on the profit side of the ledger."

Come along friends, with your copy for advertisements. We have plenty of type, all the latest faces, the largest line of suitable cuts, borders, good, faithful workmen and up-to-date artists.

Be prompt, please and we will try to please you.

"They Say."

That phrase has blasted more character and wrecked more homes than any other in the language. Call a halt on the lecherous peddler who comes at you with his wares—"They Say." Fire point blank at his cowardly heart—"Who Says?" That hits the spot you cannot afford to miss. The person who circulates a scandal or peddles truth (one is just as good as the other) is a vampire. He sucks the life-blood. No combination of words in the language has caused more trouble, pain or sorrow. Shadowy it hits in the dark. It is anonymous. It has no personality. It cannot suffer any reaction. It is wholly irresponsible. The phrase ought to be put under the ban. It is this way: You speak to some one of a mutual acquaintance. There is a shrug of the shoulders, or a lifting of the eyebrows. Then a lowering of the voice, with the preface—"They Say." Even when the gossip falls to give his authority he has put an evil idea in your mind respecting the person he speaks of. You cannot rid yourself of the suggestion. The impression stays. The suspicion lurks. A great wrong is done. "They say." The ears that are eager for that always have a mouth to pass it on to other eager ears. The assassination of the character has begun. What "They Say" may sometimes be a true message? Will it make the old world the better or worse for the telling? It is very plain that much suffering and sorrow might be prevented by cutting those ugly words out of the vocabulary. If a man or woman won't cut them out, you cut them out. And be quick!—Erie Times.

John Minard Injured.

John Minard, son of Moses Minard, who is employed as a teamster at the Emporium Powder works, met with an accident, this (Thursday) morning, which resulted in a broken leg. The accident was caused by one of the horses falling on the ice and pinning Mr. Minard under it. Dr. W. H. Bash has charge of the case and the patient is resting as easy as can be expected at this writing.

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano forte has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs, Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable.

44-4f.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup stops the cough and drives the cold from the system. Children use it. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

A Great Walker.

M. J. Logue, of First Fork, is a champion walker. On Wednesday morning last, at seven o'clock, he left his home, taking the route along the pipe line, and arrived in Emporium at ten minutes of twelve. When he called at the Press sanctum, to get a receipt for 1909 paper he was as fresh as a peach. He started back again in the afternoon, over the same route. When we asked him why he did not drive down to Sinnemahoning, having a good team, he only laughed and replied, "Oh! that's nothing. When I went to Idaho last year, to look at some land I owned there, after riding in the cars for five days and nights, I was tired of riding and started on foot for my destination, sixty miles; I made the walk in two days." Mr. Logue's walk and return was about 34 miles.

Buffalo Manufacturers' Exhibition, Dec. 14-19.

The Manufacturers' Club of Buffalo will hold an Industrial Exhibition in Convention Hall, that city, during the week beginning Dec. 19. The Exhibition will be opened on Monday evening and continue daily up to and including Saturday night, 10 a. m. until 11 p. m.

Under the above announcement there is much to arouse the interest and invoke the co-operation of not only the people of Buffalo but also those of the adjacent country. It means that the Manufacturers' Club, composed of more than 500 members and representing every phase of industrial activity, will place in Convention Hall a miniature of its many booming factories. Under one roof visitors will be able to see what Buffalo produces and how it is produced, for it is the aim of the majority of the exhibitors to install working exhibits so that visitors can see the entire process of manufacture from the raw material to the finished product.

Few persons realize the extent and variety of Buffalo's manufactures. Not even the members of the General Committee of 30 of the Manufacturers' Club in charge of the exhibition realized the full scope of industrial activity covered by the many busy plants until they began to compile the first list of the local factories ever attempted. But you will begin to appreciate it when you inspect the wonderful Exhibition in Convention Hall Dec. 14-19. It will be a splendid, educative and interesting sight to see the products and processes that employs myriads of workmen and render the great Electric city prosperous. Nothing like it has been attempted in Buffalo since the Pan-American Exposition.

Don't fail to see the Exhibition. Let the children see and learn how things are made. Remember, the place is Convention Hall, Buffalo, and the time, Dec. 14-19. Round trip rail rate of 2½c on all steam roads.

School Report.

Emporium Public School report for third month:

Enrollment for term, males 320; females 362; total 682.

Enrollment for month, males 303; females 339; total 642.

Average attendance males 270; females 310; total 580.

Pupils present every day, 312; pupils tardy, 101; number of tardy marks, 181; number of visitors, 64.

Eye Specialist.

Prof. W. H. Budine, the well known Eye Specialist, of Binghamton, N. Y., will be at R. H. Hirsch's jewelry store, Emporium, Pa., Dec. 15th. If you can't see well or have headache don't fail to call and see Prof. Budine, as he guarantees to cure all such cases. Lenses ground and fitted in old frames. Eyes tested and examined free. All work guaranteed.

For Sale.

A desirable property, on East Fourth St., Emporium. Lot 60x120; improved by two dwelling houses. Excellent location; next door to Schlecht's Greenhouse. Apply to

MRS. ELLA McSWANN,
37-4f.
Emporium Pa.

For Sale.

I desire to dispose of my one half interest in the old and well known blacksmith and wagon manufacturing business formerly conducted by Haupt & Hauber, Broad street, Emporium, Pa. Call on,
E. A. GERG,
Dec. 1, 1908.

English Spavin Liniment removed Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, King Bone, Stiffles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Blemish Cure. Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-6m.

President's Message.

President Roosevelt sent his last message to Congress, being quite lengthy and an able document as he always writes. He strongly urges legislation for the financial management of the country, regulating corporations, aid and better protect the wage earner, throw more protection around the forestry preserves of the country. We hope to give the able paper in full in our next issue. While the people will heartily endorse his sentiments and recommendations, Congressmen are quite stirred up with the rapping he gave them. Watch for it.

The Horace K. Turner.

Travelling Art Exhibit, Public Library Dec. 15 and 16.

PRESS NOTICES.

"The pictures are well arranged and are the most interesting of their kind ever shown in this city. All stages of art are represented, beginning with Egyptian architecture and coming down to modern art. The pictures are all the most careful and faithful reproductions. The architectural subjects are reproduced directly from the originals, and the reproductions of the paintings are from the original canvases."—Boston Sunday Globe.

"There is something for every taste and no one will be disappointed."—Columbus Citizen.

"Those who visited the gallery last evening were struck with the beauty and artistic merit of the scene presented. Expressions of admiration were heard on all sides, and all departed with a high sense of edification and pleasure which could only have been imparted to them by the purest merit in what they had seen.

All the pictures are reproduced directly from originals by the most scientific and modern methods of reproduction.

They are all illustrative of objects of world-wide interest and of great educational value, and especially suitable for schoolroom decoration."—Providence Sunday Telegram.

Turner Art Exhibit.

How would you like to have an opportunity to visit the greatest Art Galleries of the world? To most of us the opportunity will never be afforded. Everybody may visit the Art Exhibit held under the auspices of the Public Schools, Dec. 15th and 16th, in the room over the Public Library.

Several hundred photographic reproductions of the world's leading subjects in paintings, portraits, architecture, sculpture and natural history will be on exhibition and the admission price is placed at ten cents for children and fifteen for adults.

Aside from the educational benefit which the town will receive from this travelling Art Gallery it is hoped that sufficient funds will be realized to place at least one first-class picture on the walls of every school room in the town.

Open from 4 to 6 and from 7 to 10 P. M. Single admission 10 and 15 cents; Course tickets 25 and 50 cents

Running Day and Night.

Commencing with last Monday C. B. Howard Company's saw mill resumed the night shift, thereby giving employment to a large number of men. We understand they hope to continue the double time during the winter months. This is welcomed by our town and demonstrates the fact that this reliable firm desire to benefit every laborer as far as it is possible.

It Will Soon Be Judge Wyckoff.

Associate Judge elect, Hon. John A. Wyckoff, of Grove, was in Emporium last Monday and Tuesday, assisting in filling the jury wheel. Judge Wyckoff, who will enter upon the discharge of his new duties on Jan. 4th, carries his newly acquired honors gracefully. That he will be an honor to the bench none dispute.

Selecting Seat.

Hon. Josiah Howard went to Harrisburg yesterday evening, to select his seat for the session. Being an old member and one of the most popular in the House, no doubt he will occupy a seat well to the front.

W. M. W. B.

All members of the Y. M. W. B., wishing to receive a year book will please pay the dues, (\$2c) to Miss Rena Swezey, Treasurer, or Mrs. Jennie Craven, Supt., on or before Dec. 20th, 1908.

LETTIE CRAVEN Sec'y.

Dec. 8th, 1908.

A nice photograph of yourself is always very acceptable as a Christmas Gift. Have them made now, don't wait. At BARR'S STUDIO.

Successful Mission Services.

Very successful Mission services conducted at Emmanuel Episcopal Church during the past week, (commencing Nov. 29th and closing last Monday morning). Rev. Mr. Robertson, the Rector, was very fortunate in securing the services of Rev. R. S. Radcliffe, of Ridgway, Pa., who is Rector of Grace Episcopal Church. Rev. Mr. Radcliffe was for several years Arch Deacon of Central Pennsylvania and very many years devoted almost his entire time to mission work in the far west, amongst the cow boys, miners and frontiersmen. His eloquence and forcible manner of speaking touched a popular chord in Emporium, the church being well filled every evening, as well as several times daily. His eloquent discourses attracted all classes, creeds and color. Last Sunday evening being Mr. Radcliffe's last address the church was filled to its capacity—every denomination being largely in attendance. The week was one of good cheer to every one that attended and resulted in much good to all our religious denominations and should be the means of quickening the communicants of Emmanuel.

During the meetings the large surplice choir, with Mrs. W. H. Howard organist and Mr. W. H. Howard leader, rendered very delightful music, while the solos by Miss Grace Lloyd and Messrs. Sterner, Ellis and Leutze were highly appreciated.

Rev. J. M. Robertson, who so carefully planned this soul-inspiring treat for his parishioners as well as our townspeople generally, may well feel amply repaid for the hard work incident to the Mission services. This able divine who does things in his quiet, systematic manner, is highly respected by all denominations.

Returned From Bermuda.

The Misses Lena and Christy MacDonald, accompanied by Mrs. Wm. MacDonald, returned home last Thursday afternoon after a most delightful trip to the Bermuda Islands as guests of the Gazette and Bulletin, of Williamsport.

Everything, as planned by the entertainers, passed away in one continuous round of pleasure, and all went well until after aboard ship in the New York harbor, they were delayed on account of fog and there witnessed the sinking of a ship upon which, according to report, six lives were lost.

They arrived at the Islands on Saturday, Nov. 28th, and found the "good old summer time" awaiting them, which was more than welcome after leaving "King Winter" in Cameron County.

After "doing the Island" until Monday Nov. 30th, the party again set sail for home and with the exception of a little sea-sickness all went well until they were safely landed in New York City, on Wednesday morning at 9:30.

The ladies spent a short time in Lock Haven on the return trip with Mrs. MacDonald.

Everything passed in perfect harmony and all speak very highly of the managers of the Gazette and Bulletin as entertainers, as everything was the best that could be procured.

Taken as a whole, the trip was a most enjoyable affair and will long be remembered by those who attended.

Agreeable Callers.

Mrs. and Mrs. Andrew Ingersoll, of More Hill, accompanied by Mrs. Addison Gross, of town, were very pleasant and agreeable Press office callers on Tuesday and looked over our busy plant, studying the many mysteries of the art preservative. Call again, ladies—you can, if you wish, bring Andrew with you.

Emporium Machine Co.

The Emporium Machine Company are building a two-story addition to their plant on Third street. The structure will be built of Calder brick and will be 35x40 feet in size. The second floor will be used as a pattern room. Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Cramer have charge of the work.

DEATH'S DOINGS

WILEY.

A telegram, received by Mrs. John Wiley, of Beechwood, announces the death of her son, John Wiley, of Oklahoma. The young man was employed on a steam shovel and the supposition is that he was killed. The body will be brought east for burial and interment will probably take place at St. Marys. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the Press and many friends in Cameron and Elk.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-6m.

Gone to St. Marys.

E. C. Davey, was a pleasant Press office visitor last Thursday and renewed his subscription. Mr. Davey informs us, he will spend the winter with his daughters, Mrs. Thos. Moore, at St. Marys. He has rented his farm to one Whitmore.

Volunteers of America.

Lieut. G. T. Coleman, of Ridgway, representing the Volunteers of America, visited Emporium last week and called at the Press office while soliciting assistance in this section for the advancement of the good cause. This noble band last Thanksgiving gave 100 dinners to the poor in Ridgway, St. Marys and Johnsonburg. They deserve to be assisted at all times in their good work.

Home Wanted.

The Children's Aid Society would like a home for a boy 10 years of age. Apply to Mrs. I. K. Hockley or Mrs. Lizzie Hinkle, Emporium.

Agency Secured.

Mrs. G. S. Allen, wishes to announce that she has secured the Agency for the American Vacuum Cleaner and Sweeper. Call at her residence on West Fourth Street and see it demonstrated. 43-4f

Remodeling Store.

Jasper Harris, one of our popular clothiers, having just finished his annual sale, is having his store brightened by a coat of paint and other improvements, preparatory to starting his holiday sale. Jasper is bound to keep things looking neat and clean.

Out Again.

Our readers will be glad to learn that our esteemed citizen, Mr. E. W. Gaskill, has so far recovered from his recent fall as to be able to walk to Emporium on Tuesday, although very sore and lame.

Typhoid Fever Patients.

The following typhoid fever cases have been reported to Health Officer F. G. Judd, since our last published report:

Amos Horning, West Creek; Rena Swezey, Rich Valley; Emma LaBell, Four Mile; John and Jas. Flemming, Broad Street, Emporium. Harriet Getshell, Fourth Street; Miss Frances Kelly, 4th St.

All patients are getting along nicely, as far as we can learn.

Dinny, Burnside & Co.

Gas stoves with cast burners and mixers \$1.60.

Asbestos front stoves \$3.25. Large enough to heat any room in your house.

A general line of hardware.

Plumbing, gas and steam fitting. DINNIE, BURNSIDE & CO., Card Building, Broad street, Emporium, Pa.

Regrets.

Our old friend, Mr. D. J. Mulcahy, of Elwood City, Pa., kindly remembers us with an invitation to attend the Banquet to be given by the Elwood City Board of Trade, on Thursday, Dec. 10th. Awful sorry we can't take it in but our once favorite appetite has failed us. However, we should like to meet with the good fellows of Elwood.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Alger books at H. S. Lloyd's at 17 cents each.

Photographs as Christmas presents at BARR'S STUDIO.

You can get any of the Alger books in good cloth binding at H. S. Lloyd's.

You can get all kinds of good skates at F. V. Heilman & Co's Hardware Store.

If you want a first-class young imported canary, order it this week from R. C. Dodson. 43-2t.

Brimfull of interest is the display of cutlery for the Holiday trade at F. V. Heilman Co's Hardware store.

If you wish to please your friends, give them one of your photographs, made on one of the latest folders, at BARR'S STUDIO.

Hard and soft coal and wood stoves for the people living in the country. Any one of them would make a fine present for your wife at Christmas time. Get them at F. V. Heilman & Co's Hardware store. You will make a mistake if you do not look them over.

For Eczema, Tetter and Salt Rheum.

The intense itching, characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by L. Taggart.

Just received a large supply of picture frame moulding. Have your Christmas framing done now.

W. G. BARR.

THE WEATHER.
FRIDAY, Fair.
SATURDAY, Fair.
SUNDAY, Snow.

First National Bank, EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business Dec. 9, 1908,

\$769,318.25

WANTED

Lifters not leaneers. You should learn to become a "lifter" in this great work-a-day world. One of the most effective ways of lifting is to acquire leverage through the habit of saving; and this habit of saving comes to those who deposit their spare money with this bank.

\$1.00 Starts an Account.

3% INTEREST PAID ON CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
(Successor to Dr. A. B. Mead.)
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store, Emporium, Pa. 12y

FAIR EXCHANGE.

A New Back for an Old One. How it Can be Done in Emporium.

The back aches at times with a dull, indescribable feeling, making you weary and restless, piercing pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, and again the loins are so lame to stoop is agony. No use to rub or apply a plaster to the back in this condition. You cannot reach the cause. Exchange the bad back for a new and stronger one. Emporium residents would do well to profit by the following example.

Mrs. Geo. E. Weiss, 442 N. St. Michael St., St. Marys, Pa., says: "I suffered for a long time with kidney complaint and backache. I had headaches and dizzy spells, was unable to get up without supporting myself and could not bend or stoop without suffering intensely. The kidney secretions were also unnatural and plainly showed that my kidneys were disordered. I became very much discouraged but finally procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills on a neighbor's recommendation. My strength and ambition soon returned and the pains and aches disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

NO REASON FOR DOUBT.

A Statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee immediate relief and a positive cure to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where we fail to effect a cure we will supply the medicine free. That's frank statement of facts, and we want you to substantiate them at our risk.

Reall Orderlies are a gentle, effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strengthener and tonic. They re-establish nature's functions in a quiet, easy way. They do not cause any inconvenience, griping or nausea. They are so pleasant to take and work so easily that they may be taken by anyone at any time. They thoroughly tone up the whole system to healthy activity. They have a most beneficial action upon the liver.

Reall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. That's why we back our faith in them with our promise of money back if they do not give entire satisfaction. Two sizes, 25c and 10c. Mrs. M. A. Rockwell, Emporium, Pa.

What Some People Do.

Some people let a trifling thing like weak nerves run along because they think it will remedy itself. If they would take Seline Pills in time they would save many a dollar, and strong and able to work besides. \$1 a box, 6 boxes \$5, with full guarantee for all forms of nerve weakness. Address or call on R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa., where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Girl Wanted.

A competent girl to do general house work. Good wages to right party. Apply to
41-4f.
MRS. FRANK SHIVES.

DeWitt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve. Best Salve for burns, scratches and hurts. It is especially good for piles. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per year. If paid in advance, \$1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times less, \$2; each subsequent insertion 10 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, 45 per year, over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the Press is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

What the Harvest Has Done.

The harvest of the great wheat-raising states has been well up to the average, and, with the high prices, is to return more money to the farmer than in many years. While the country's total wheat crop is estimated at 40,000,000 bushels more than last year, it is yet 60,000,000 bushels below that of the previous season, and the farmer has little reason to fear material lessening of values. The corn is promising well in the interior states, and lessened yield in some of the older-settled ones may make this likewise a remarkably profitable year for producers of that cereal. Contracts are being made at this writing at prices giving abundant return for the farmer's toil. Minor crops have been generous in the prairie states, with good prices. Altogether, declares Charles Moreau Hargreaves, in the American Review of Reviews, it has been a goodly year and one that has given the farmer a feeling of independence. His stable position is certain to have effect on every sort of industry and enterprise.

A Merry Heart.

Why do you wear a harassed and troubled look? Are you really in trouble, or are you allowing the little worries of life to grind furrows in your face? Take a glance at yourself in the mirror and reform—that is, reshape your face into the lines of comfort and good cheer which it ought to wear. Take an honest inventory of your troubles, and decide whether or not they are really worth advertising in your countenance, urges the New York Weekly. It may seem a little thing to you whether or not you wear a smiling face, but it is not a little thing. A serene look informs the tired and troubled men and women whom you meet that there is peace and joy in at least one heart. And there may be among them some who had begun to doubt if peace or joy existed at all. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

An English suffragette leader who is on this side says that American women are more timid than their English sisters in demanding their rights, and urges them to make equal suffrage a burning issue in "a fire of revolt." The lady is mistaken in her main points. American women are not timid; they are not as aggressive or as violent as their English sisters because they have no need to be, and for starting a flame of revolt that is not necessary, either. The moment the women of the country in any considerable majority demand equal suffrage the men will give it to them. The women of this country have confidence in the men to do them justice, and the men have respect for the women, which is a state of affairs the English suffragette sentiment does not as yet seem to have penetrated.

Every old woman has her assortment of "signs" to tell whether the wedding day is "lucky," but a brave young woman can wrestle with adverse omens and get the better of all. When an English girl arrived at the church in which she was to be married she found it on fire, with four engines deluging it. The firemen said she could not go in; yet in she went, by way of the vestry; and although the flames were sweeping up from the other end and smoke and sparks were in the air, she held her party steadfast until the ceremony was concluded. The church was destroyed; but if this marriage fails it will not be because the young matron lacks courage and determination.

Warnings have been issued in Egypt to look out for a bigger flood in the Nile than has appeared for a quarter of a century. When this was written the water had not risen at Khartoum, but nearer the sources of the river the banks were swollen to overflowing. Fears are entertained for the stability of the Assuan dam that was built to impound the floods and preserve the water for irrigating the lower valley.

OBEDIENCE TO LAW

WILL BE KEYNOTE OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Judge Taft, with Gov. Hughes of New York, Went Before the Country on Their Records, and Are Pledged.

The keynote of the new administration is obedience to law. Judge Taft himself has sounded it. It was enthusiastically received. Addressing a body of business men, the victor in the recent contest spoke for prosperity under the law, and his hearers rose to him with approval. The country will follow suit. In that sign we shall conquer.

If anybody asks, Why have emphasized so plain a point? let him recall the disclosures of the last few years in the business world. In many quarters not only was law being violated, but practices prevailed which in good reason called for prohibition. Men, alone or in combination, with cunning and large resources were a law unto themselves. They had adopted the Vanderbilt motto, and were swimming in privilege and gain. "The public be damned!" Trusts were in their glory. Railroads were building or breaking down towns, fixing their own prices on commodities and making and unmaking public servants.

In New York state the very dregs of the population—the race track gamblers—observing what was going on at the top impudently copied it. They set up for a law unto themselves. Racing should go on according to their chart and interests. What had Gov. Hughes to do with it? Let him beware. If he made any more noise he would be pulled down at the polls and a man put in office who would keep his place.

When the great body of the people got a square look at the situation they wondered. For a moment it seemed incredible that such outlawry should for so long a time have gone practically unchallenged. Then as the wonder grew indignation grew, so that when President Roosevelt, moving first, and Gov. Hughes, coming into office later, took up the gage of battle, sentiment for the law took immediate form. Congress had all necessary popular support in its enactments to "shackle the cunning" of the big lawbreakers, while the legislature at Albany had the support necessary to show the gamblers their limit.

Judge Taft and Gov. Hughes went before the country on their records and the records of their party, and both were superbly endorsed. No more impressive majorities have ever been achieved than stand to the credit of those two men. The one goes into the White House, and the other remains at Albany, instructed by the people to execute all the law now on the books and ask of the lawmaking authorities such additional statutes as may be necessary to conserve and strengthen all public interests.

Judge Taft, speaking first, pledges himself to obey instructions. Gov. Hughes, in turn, will do likewise. They will continue what both have done much to help inaugurate—"the reign of law." All activities within the law are encouraged to go full speed ahead. All without the law, and defiant of the law, are warned to ring their backing bells and withdraw from the course. A word to the unwise, spoken by such men, should be sufficient.

There may be murmurs. Lawbreakers have no good opinion either of the law or officials who execute the law, but such influences are not to-day potent in our affairs.

Taft's Southern Trip Profitable.

The vote in those southern states in which voting still means something indicates that Mr. Taft's courteous attitude was not lost on the southern public. In Virginia, an additional seat in the house of representatives has, apparently, been won by the Republicans. North Carolina has sent three Republican representatives to Washington and the Democratic majority in the state has been decreased. The city of Richmond has seen, for the first time in years, a Republican campaign conducted by the most respectable and substantial element in the community. In Georgia, free speech and a free division of opinion have been countenanced, and both the Watson ticket and the Republican ticket have received generous support. The old Bourbon intolerance has given way to liberality and moderation, and the south is beginning to awake to the fact that its own political and material development has been retarded by the failure to encourage its people to think and act for themselves.

Will Not Stand for "Bryanism."

One demonstration of the campaign just ended is this, namely: That Democracy can not win before the American people in its present alliance with that system of political notions and purposes which, for want of a more definite name, the country has come to call Bryanism. Before Democracy can come again into power it must find a new and better creed, based upon principles, and competent by its powers of appeal to command the respect of the country. The American people will not turn over the responsibilities of government to a party of shifting ideas and policies, lacking the assurance afforded by fixed principles and habits, and whose success would be nothing less than a menace to the business prospects of the country.

"How did it happen?" asks Mr. Bryan. For that matter, how does it always happen?

SEES DANGER AHEAD FOR TAFT.

Democratic Newspaper Stands in Fear of "Reactionaries."

The New York Post sees danger ahead for Mr. Taft, and the danger must indeed be a very small one to escape the eagle and prophetic eye of the Post. Mr. Taft has carried a good deal of driftwood along with him to victory. Cannon and Dalzell, Payne and Gardner are liable to think that his triumph is one for reaction in general, and that they have carte blanche to break all party pledges and to eat, drink and be merry. But the Post will throw upon these delinquents the cold shadow of its watchful disapproval.

"Nothing is more certain than that President-elect Taft will have his ears filled with the cry that the tariff must not be touched. If prosperity rapidly returns, it will be said that any attempt at tariff revision will throw everything into uncertainty again. If, on the other hand, recovery lags, it will be alleged that the country is waiting till the terrible portent of tariff reduction is out of its path. Judge Taft will need all his firmness and every particle of his courage to keep his word on this subject, and to insist that his party also stand to its pledged faith. The question of stanchness and consistency in this matter of the solemn promises of the Republican party to reduce the tariff immediately after the 4th of March, will be the very article of a standing or falling presidency. This Mr. Taft must well know; but he may not yet be aware of the combined and formidable efforts that will be put forth in order to make him swear."

A Decisive Victory.

If Bryan had been defeated by a few electoral votes the result would have been a public calamity, because demagogues would have raised the instant cry that the will of the people had been defeated by fraud or purchase. If Taft had just "scrapped through" the electoral college and if at the same time Bryan had received a slight plurality of the popular vote, the result would have been almost disastrous, because all the shrieking brotherhood of whirling dervishes, all the Socialists and enemies of the courts would have begun an immediate agitation against the domination of plutocracy and the "buying of elections."

The actual vote—its magnitude, its broad sweep—representing every sort of sociological and political school, in all sorts of states—the definitive, enthusiastic pronouncement for Taft and against Bryan in agricultural states, in manufacturing states, in business communities, and in the realms of labor, disarms the demagogue, makes the victory satisfying and decisive and convinces one and all that the people by the exercise of their reason and deliberate judgment repudiated Bryan and all his follies and isms.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sees End of Bryanism.

The New York Times sees nothing for Bryan but annihilation, and "the crushing defeat of ambition evokes not one spark of pity." The people have pinned their faith to a statesman proved to be "capable, just, firm, fair, courageous and wise."

"Under the conditions of a popular ballot this decision is the record of some 7,000,000 individual judgments. Men vote alone, they do not think alone. The majority millions who elected Mr. Taft president of the United States were moved by a just sense, common to them all, of the public weal, by a common desire, a common purpose to put into safe and competent hands the executive control of the nation's affairs. Their judgment was unerring, their decision given with an emphasis that reflects the soundness of their understanding, and the firm convictions of their minds. In a sense it is astonishing, but we expect the American people, when their enlightenment is appealed to, to behave in just that way. No finer triumph of republican institutions and of the republican theory of government was ever recorded."

Mr. Taft and the Catholics.

Mr. Taft's letter, dated October 9, to Rev. Magnus Larson, a preacher of St. Paul, Minn., is straightforward, sensible and satisfying. It would have made a serviceable campaign document, so clearly and sanely does it meet the issue raised by the clerical inquirer, but it is well to avoid on principle all religious dispute on the eve of an election. Mr. Taft effectively sets at rest the silly rumors that a huge sum of money was paid out of the United States treasury to the Spanish friars in the Philippines, and that he ever made a special plea for the Roman Catholic church in the Philippines. His statement of the United States government's relations with the Catholics in our far eastern dependency is coherent and valuable on its own account as a lucidly written chapter of recent history.

Of course, no large proportion of the American people were ever affected by the doubts Mr. Larson expressed in his letter. The votes show that religious bias has no influence in the election.

A Charleston (S. C.) paper remarks that "Republicanism, as represented by Judge Taft, is stronger and more vigorous in the southern states to-day than it has been since the Republican party was founded." The gain in this respect is likely to be one of the important political developments of the next four years.

Many of the Democratic newspapers which would like to consider Mr. Bryan politically dead are showing an undue fussiness about the details and date of the funeral.

OHIO SUPREME COURT DECISIONS

SEVERAL OF SPECIAL INTEREST HANDED DOWN AT COLUMBUS.

TESTIMONY OF WIFE IS N. G.

Can't Convict on It in Criminal Action—Union Label, Personal Injury and Other Cases. Decided.

Columbus, O.—An important decision was handed down by the supreme court Tuesday which materially weakens the law against the failure to provide for minor children. The case, styled the state of Ohio vs. Arthur Orth, was brought up by the prosecutor of Hancock county on exceptions, which exceptions the supreme court overrules. Orth was tried on a charge of failure to provide and his attorneys held that he could not be convicted on testimony of his wife. The court holds likewise, on the old ruling of the use of the testimony of a wife or husband against a life partner in a criminal case.

Charles C. Myer and Louis Wenzel started a saloon in Cleveland and bought their fixtures from the Cleveland Store Fixture Co. George F. Gunn, president of the Gunn Brewing Co., became surety for them on condition that the fixtures should bear the union label, this being an extra agreement and not a part of the contract. When the fixtures were delivered, only part of them bore the union label. Gunn refused to pay the bill. The fixture company then agreed to saw out a part of the bar and have a new part put in by union labor which should bear the label. Gunn would not agree to this and suit was entered. Gunn lost in the lower courts and the supreme court has affirmed the decision.

A Cleveland case decided Tuesday was the C. C. & St. L. railroad vs. Frank Curran, a minor. The boy, 12 years old, was at the Cleveland stockyards to see about a carload of poultry when a loose door on a passing train struck and injured him. The common pleas court reverses the circuit court and affirms the decision of the common pleas court, so the boy gets nothing. Charles A. Turner likewise loses his personal damage case against the Pope Motor Car Co. and the Baker Motor Vehicle Co. He was attending a race at Cleveland between cars owned by these companies and was injured.

The law that the tracks of an interurban company may not cross the tracks of a steam road at grade, unless it is absolutely necessary that it do so in order to reach its objective point, may not be evaded by selection of a point of crossing by the junior company where separation of the grade is impossible, according to a decision of the supreme court Tuesday in a case which railroad men all over the state have been watching with interest. The suit is styled "In the matter of the application of the Toledo, Findlay & Fosteria Railway Co., to ascertain and define the mode of crossing the tracks of the Pennsylvania company." The common pleas court held for a crossing at grade. The circuit court reversed the common pleas court and the supreme court upholds the latter. The case is reported. Another grade crossing case decided was that of the Toledo Railway & Terminal Co. and Judson Harmon, receiver of the Toledo Railway & Terminal Co., vs. the Lima & Toledo Traction Co. The terminal company loses its case and the traction company gets the crossing.

The case of the Union Savings Bank and Trust Co. of Cincinnati, executor, plaintiff in error, vs. the Western Union Telegraph Co., defendant in error, in which the important question as to the right of a trust company to act as executor was brought up by the telegraph company, was disposed of Tuesday without a decision as to the main point at issue. The court holds that the telegraph company cannot properly bring up the question in the suit being tried. The suit grows out of a minor case. Adolphus H. Smith of Clark county got damages against the Western Union because it killed some shade trees, but he never collected. The trust company was appointed executor of his estate and revived the judgment and sought to collect. The Western Union brought up the question as to the trust company's right to act as executor, and the court decided against the trust company. The case was brought up again for a rehearing, the former judgment vacated, the circuit court reversed and the common pleas court affirmed. The court holds that if the right of the trust company to act as executor is to be attacked it must be attacked directly, and not collaterally, as is done in this instance. Chief Justice Price dissents. The case is reported.

1,000 Men Resume Work.

Chicago, Ill.—After an idleness of 13 months, the old open hearth department of the Illinois Steel Co. plant at South Chicago was reopened Tuesday and 1,000 men resumed work. Preparations are making to open five other blast furnaces.

Martial Law Because of Race Riots.

Prague, Bohemia.—The race riots between the Czechs and Germans are assuming the gravest character and probably will compel a declaration of martial law.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE DISCUSSED

A SOMEWHAT STORMY MEETING IN NEW YORK CITY.

Men and Women of Worldwide Prominence Argue the Topic of Ballot for Women.

New York City.—New York was a storm center Friday of argument for and against woman suffrage and in the very vortex of the whirling winds there remained suspended, as it were, a letter on the subject from the president of the United States. The storm centered in the meeting of the National League for the Civic Education of Women, in the Berkeley theatre, where the subject of universal suffrage for women was considered. The organization is opposed to woman suffrage. Dr. Lyman Abbott was the principal speaker and it was he that presented a letter from President Roosevelt. The letter was interpreted in various ways by the auditors and Dr. Abbott was often interrupted by applause and by shouts of disapproval.

A climax came when a score or more suffragists united in denunciation of the attitude of conservatism which the president had taken in his letter. The shouts of the suffragist leaders became so troublesome that a few policemen were asked to seek out the offenders. They were threatened with ejection and finally the disturbance was quieted.

At the conclusion of the lecture, however, the suffragists withdrew to the sidewalk, where an indignation meeting was held. Mrs. Borman Wells, who said she had just come from England after spending three weeks in Holloway jail for trying to break into the house of commons, was one of the leaders of the outside meeting.

At the meeting proper the theatre was well filled. Richard Watson Gilder presided and said that the members of the society did not believe that women should be burdened with politics. President Butler of Columbia university spoke in sympathy with the league's work and read a letter from Secretary of State Elihu Root.

Friday night at Carnegie hall the woman suffragists had their turn in a meeting under the auspices of the International Woman Suffrage council. Mrs. Philip Snowden, leader of the suffragist movement in England; Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Dr. Charles F. Aked of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church spoke.

TRADE QUITE SATISFACTORY

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade—Cold Weather Helps Some—Steel Industry Almost Normal

New York City.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Colder weather brought a better retail demand for seasonable merchandise, and holiday trade made good progress, but assortments are not wholly satisfactory because of the conservatism of many dealers who failed to secure adequate stocks. Industrial activity is maintained, except where it is customary to limit operations for inventories at this season. Shoe factories receive much forward business, wholesalers anticipating higher prices in keeping with the persistent upward tendency of hides and leather. Recent advances in pig iron are held, although there is less pressure to provide for the needs of 1909, while the steel industry is almost normal except for big railroad contracts that are still deferred. Commercial payments are gradually improving. Inadequate water supply retards work at woolen and pulp mills in New England, coke ovens at Connellsville and various other industrial plants, while lake navigation is about closed for the season.

Dry goods market conditions are more quiet, although there is no evidence of weakness. In some lines there is the usual lull that appears in December, while in other departments the position of the raw material is a disturbing factor. There is a steady demand for cotton goods from buyers who have refused to operate beyond immediate needs. Improvement continues in the demand for woollens, although orders are unevenly distributed.

Steamer Soo City Believed Lost.

St. Johns, N. F.—Wreckage which has come ashore at Cape Ray leaves little room for doubt that the sturdy little steamer Soo City, which for 20 years plied as an excursion vessel on the Great Lakes, went down with her crew in the midst of the gale that lashed the Newfoundland coast for two days this week. The steamer was in command of Capt. John G. Dillon of Brooklyn, who was formerly commander of the United States government transport Missouri. A wife and three small children awaited his return home. The exact number of the crew is in doubt. It is known, however, that no less than 18 men were on board and it has been reported that the crew was recently increased to 28 men.

Pine Bluff Being Washed Away.

Pine Bluff, Ark.—Seven frame dwellings and a two-story business building were the toll exacted on Friday by the encroaching waters of the swollen Arkansas river. The river is slowly rising and the water is gradually undermining another dyke further east.

Gen. Simon on the Job.

Port au Prince, Haiti.—Gen. Simon, president-to-be, is at the gates of Port au Prince at the head of his 6,000 men.



MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarrr Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled with catarrr for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help. 'Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. 'My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. 'Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrr is gone and my health is very much improved. 'I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was.'"

PERUNA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.



If You Work Outdoors

Any cold you contract should be cured without delay, and driven entirely out of the system—unless you wish to invite an attack of Pleurisy or Pneumonia.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant

is known as the most successful preparation ever discovered for Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Pleurisy, Asthma and diseases of similar nature. This famous remedy has been dispensed for over 78 years, and is sold by all druggists, in three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is a splendid building-up tonic for systems weakened by Coughs or Colds.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$300 SHOES \$350



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make. Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Infants & Children. W. L. Douglas \$4.00 and \$5.00 extra shoes cannot be equalled at any price. W. L. Douglas \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes are the best in the world. Free Color Booklets Sent Exclusively. 22-Take No Substitutes. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Cough Syrup, Taste Good. W. L. DOUGLAS, 157 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

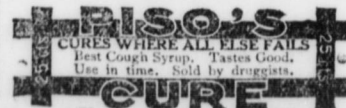
Choice Mistletoe

Beautiful foliage and berries, ideal for HOLIDAY SOUVENIR. Sent postage paid in 25 and 50 cent cartons, address,

W. T. CLEMONS, P. O. Box 115, Ft. Smith, Ark

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D. C. books free. High cost references. Best results.



W. L. DOUGLAS, 157 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

BREAKS A COLD PROMPTLY

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds:

One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toria Compound and one-half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a table-spoonful every four hours.

This if followed up will cure an acute cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

Inartistic Pottery.

We wonder that some of our enterprising firms with the great resources at their command do not produce cheap artistic pottery, for it would possibly create its own market after a time. One cardinal fault among most shopkeepers appears to be that art with a big A must be paid extra for. Until we get rid of this foolish belief we shall not make much progress in popularizing art.—British Architect.

ED GEERS, "The grand old man," he is called for he is so honest handling horses in races. He says: "I have used SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE for 12 years, always with great success. It is the only remedy I know to cure all forms of distemper and prevent horses in same stable having the disease." 50c and \$1 a bottle. All druggists, or manufacturers, Spohn Medical Co., Chemists, Goshen, Ind.

Explained.

"What's the difference between valor and discretion?"

"Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be valor."

"I see."

"And to come back by a different route would be discretion."—Kansas City Journal.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*
In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Getting His Own Back.

"The giraffe has a tongue 18 inches long," said Mrs. Talkmore.

"And knows how to hold it, too," growled Mr. T., who had had a long curtain lecture the night before.—Answers.

There Has Recently Been Placed in all the drug stores an aromatic, pleasant herb cure for women's ills, called Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is the only certain remedy. Quickly relieves female weaknesses and backache, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

In a Box.

First Oyster Pirate—What do you think of this ordering the oyster navy out against us?

Second Ditto—It is something that touches us on the raw.

Only One Left.

"You say he's down to the last extremity?"

"Yes, he lost one foot in a wreck."



This woman says that sick women should not fail to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2355 Lawrence St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six years, on account of female troubles. I underwent an operation by the doctor's advice, but in a few months I was worse than before. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to perfect health, such as I have not enjoyed in many years. Any woman suffering as I did with backache, bearing-down pains, and periodic pains, should not fail to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature *W. D. Wood* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

UNCLE SAM'S MAIL SERVICE

HAS BEEN IMPROVED DURING THE YEAR JUST ENDED.

LESS MONEY PAID RAILROADS

Many Other Reforms and Betterments, According to Report of Second Assistant Postmaster General.

Washington, D. C.—Exclusive of registered matter, the railway mail service during the last fiscal year handled 21,650,849,745 pieces of mail matter, according to the annual report of Second Assistant Postmaster General Stewart. Because of practically illegible addresses 35,565,361 pieces required special attention, with the result that 18,988,626 were returned to senders or corrected and forwarded.

A new division of the railway mail service, embracing the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho and the Territory of Alaska, is recommended.

Favorable consideration of congress is asked to a recommendation that postal clerks be allowed traveling expenses while away from their homes, and also that postal clerks who have become unfit for active service by reason of advanced age or physical disability incurred in the line of duty be retired with suitable pay.

For the transportation of all classes of mail matter the department during the year expended \$81,157,720. A considerable saving was effected in connection with the weighing of mails in the southern states. In consequence of the use of the new divisor the railroads received \$434,734 less than would have been paid under the old system. Altogether the new system of weighing has resulted so far in a net saving of \$2,229,108 per annum. Because of the equalization of the rates of pay to transportation companies, the report states, a more equitable basis of compensation has been reached, with results mutually satisfactory to carrier and the department.

Still further economies are recorded. A review of the railway postoffice car service resulted in the readjustment of the car space on a number of routes, thereby effecting a saving of \$272,040 during the year.

So-called half lines of railway postoffice cars—that is, where the postal needs in one direction warranted the authorization, but in the opposite direction did not—are dealt with at length.

During the year additional parcel-post conventions were negotiated with the Netherlands, Uruguay, Italy, France and Austria, and the parcel-post rate of 20 cents a pound to Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador and Peru was reduced to 12 cents a pound.

FOR THE SAFETY OF MINERS

Experiments at Meeting of American Mining Congress at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Coal operators, mine owners, engineers, practical miners, scientists and national and state officials, all here for the meeting of the American Mining Congress, on Thursday afternoon witnessed a series of tests in an artificial mine, in the federal government laboratory and testing station recently established here, in which conditions of real mines were reproduced, so far as possible, showing the results from various explosives and from so-called safety agencies. The first test was with safety powder, dry fire clay and bituminous coal dust, the latter placed on shelves representing ledges in real mines. The powder was ignited for the blast and did not explode the dust. There was a terrific explosion during the fourth test, when 1.1 pounds of black powder and 20 pounds of road dust (actual mine dust) were used. The recoil was strong and the flames covered the full length of the artificial mine. The test proved the combination to be exceedingly dangerous. Experts of the station, wearing the Draeger oxygen apparatus, including metal and glass hoods, chemical chamber and air bag, designed to render breathing normal or nearly so while the operator is surrounded by these most deadly gases and vapors, hurried into the gallery still filled with the fumes of the explosion and apparently were not affected by any of the gases. This device is designed particularly for rescue work and was used with good results at Marianna.

Isle of Haiti in Chaos.

Port au Prince, Haiti.—For many hours during the night following the flight of Nord Alexis, riot and pillage prevailed in Port au Prince. The populace, maddened by the spirit of revolt, gave full vent to their passions. They looted stores and residences and fought among themselves over booty and were only held in check by an armed force. Twelve persons were killed and many wounded before order was restored.

More Reelfoot Indictments.

Union City, Tenn.—Twenty-four additional indictments were returned on Thursday by the grand jury investigating the recent raids of the Night Riders of Reelfoot lake, bringing the total number of indictments so far returned to 123.

Four Injured in Explosion.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Four men were seriously injured and a score of others narrowly escaped in an explosion of a heating furnace at the Spang & Chalfant Co. plant in Etna Thursday night.

HAITI'S PRESIDENT DEPOSED

TAKES REFUGE ON BOARD A FRENCH TRAINING SHIP.

Port au Prince in Hands of Revolutionists and a New President Has Been Proclaimed.

Port au Prince, Haiti.—President Nord Alexis has been deposed and is now safe on board the French training ship Duguay Trouin and Port au Prince is in the hands of the revolutionists. Gen. Antoine Simon, the leader of the insurgents, is marching up the peninsula with an army of 5,000 and a new president, Gen. Legitime, has been proclaimed.

At the last moment President Alexis yielded to the urging of those about him and decided to take refuge aboard the French warship. At 5 o'clock a salute of 21 guns announced his departure from the palace. Thousands had gathered there early in the day and they had surged around the entrances, threatening to tear down the walls to drive out the president and his loyal followers. As the hours passed the great mob became infuriated, shouting for him to leave the country. The mob was armed and men and women heaped curses upon the head of the aged man who had been deposed from the presidency.

So serious was the situation that the French minister, M. Carteron, and other foreign representatives, together with members of a specially appointed committee, forced themselves upon the president, who finally consented to withdraw. Shouts greeted him as he stepped from the precincts of the palace and into a carriage which had been provided. M. Carteron, carrying the French tricolors, sat beside him and the minister threw the folds of the flag over the shoulders of the deposed president to protect him.

All along the route the people who lined the streets shouted, jeered and cursed at the fallen president, but when the landing stage was reached the mob lost all restraint. The scene was tragic and shameful. Infuriated women broke through the cordon of troops and shrieked the coarsest insults into the very face of the president, who strove bravely to appear undismayed.

They tried to hurl themselves upon Alexis and fought with hands and feet against the soldiers, who found difficulty in forcing them back. In order to disengage him the troops discharged their guns, several shots being fired. During this time a space was cleared and Nord Alexis, with the French colors draped about him, was hurried aboard a skiff in tow of a steam launch, his suite tumbling into the skiff after him. As the launch drew away three Haitian gunboats and the French and American warships in the harbor fired a salute to the fallen president.

BURGLARS SECURE BIG HAUL

They Dynamited Bank Vault Three Times and Made Good Their Escape With \$14,000.

Pepperell, Mass.—Fourteen thousand dollars in cash was secured by burglars, who early Wednesday blew open the vault of the First National bank here. The thoroughness and skill with which the work was performed has convinced the police that the burglars were professionals. Three men were in the party, and although they were seen escaping in an automobile, all trace of them was soon lost and the authorities were unable to ascertain in which direction they departed. It is believed, however, that the burglars went from here to Groton.

The bank vault was blown open about 2 o'clock at which time the last of three explosions was heard by Ernest Tarbell, who was sleeping next door. The two earlier detonations had aroused him, but he was uncertain as to their origin, as the sound was muffled. The third explosion, however, was less guarded and was followed by a crash and rattle, as the vault door fell away and interior glass fittings were broken. Tarbell armed himself with a revolver and started to investigate, only to find the door of his own house barred from the outside. He succeeded in breaking open his door and immediately started for the bank. Tarbell reached the bank just as the robbers were leaving in an automobile.

After shouting an alarm Tarbell fired several shots at the burglars. The shots were fired at a distance of some 20 feet, but there is no indication that any of them took effect. Tarbell, who followed the automobile for some distance along the main street, is reasonably certain that the machine took the road to Groton.

Cashier Henry F. Tarbell, who was immediately notified of the robbery, came to the bank. He found a quantity of bills and silver scattered about the vault, giving evidence of the hurry with which the burglars secured their booty.

Pittsburg Brokers Make Assignment.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Owing to their inability to realize on paper in their possession John D. Armstrong & Co., well known stock brokers, with offices in the Farmers' Bank building, made an assignment Wednesday to Walter P. Rainbow of Chapman & Rainbow, attorneys. Both Armstrong & Co. and Attorney Rainbow state the assets will exceed the liabilities. Mr. Rainbow said: "I know very little concerning the matter. I have not had time to thoroughly acquaint myself with details."

SHAFT TO MARTYRS

COLUMN MARKING TOMB OF SHIP PRISONERS DEDICATED.

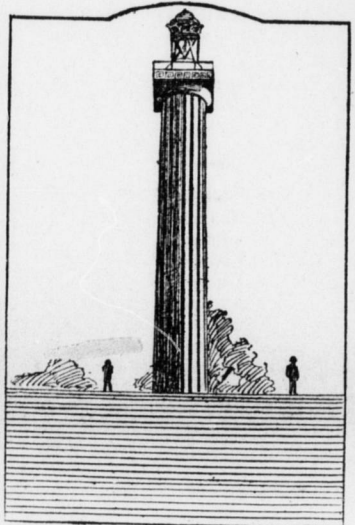
Commemorates Horrors Endured by Captured American Soldiers—Movement Begun Ten Years Ago—Big Sum Raised.

New York.—Brooklyn had a big day recently when the ceremonies and celebration incident to the unveiling of the stately monument to the prison ship martyrs of the revolution took place at Fort Green park. Extra interest was lent to the occasion by the presence, among other notables, of W. H. Taft, who made his first public appearance in New York as William Howard Taft, president-elect of the United States. Mr. Taft some months ago accepted the invitation to deliver the oration of the day. Among other prominent men who took part in the ceremonies were Gov. Charles E. Hughes, Gen. Luke E. Wright, secretary of war; Mayor McClellan and Gen. Horatio C. King.

The celebration also was noteworthy from a military viewpoint, as there was a parade of several thousand men from both the army and navy.

The parade was in charge of Maj. Gen. Charles F. Roe. Stephen V. White, president of the Prison Ship Martyrs Monument association, formally turned over the monument to Gen. Luke E. Wright, representing the war department. President-elect Taft then delivered the oration.

The dedication ceremonies mark the end and climax of a movement begun ten years ago by those who deemed the sufferings of the American men and soldiers imprisoned on the foul British prison ships during the war of the revolution in and around New York harbor should be commemorated fittingly. Popular subscription books were opened, but not much headway was made until the war department



Prison Martyrs' Monument.

was prevailed upon to appropriate \$100,000 toward the erection of the contemplated monument. New York state followed with an appropriation of \$50,000, and the city with \$25,000. Twenty-five thousand dollars was then raised by popular subscription. This last amount was collected largely by the efforts of Mrs. Horatio C. King and Mrs. Stephen V. White, to whom much credit is due. The corner-stone was laid two years ago.

The monument is one of the largest and most beautiful of the kind in America, being the last design of the gifted Stanford White. It is 200 feet high, built of Maine granite. It is in the form of a replica of a column from the Parthenon, rising on three large stone steps, or terraces, in pyramid shape. Below the column is the opening to the crypt, in which are interred such remains of the 12,000 patriots who perished on board the prison ships as could be collected. The names of 8,000 of these martyrs were obtained from the revolutionary records of the war office in England, this being no small part of the labor of the association.

The prison ships mentioned were mostly anchored in Wallabout bay, off what is now Wallabout market, during the war of the revolution. They were old sugar-carrying ships, used in bringing sugar from the south to northern points, and were converted into prison ships by the British. On these old hulks the British authorities herded thousands of captured American soldiers who refused to take an oath of allegiance to England. The majority of these prisoners perished miserably and this monument is erected to commemorate the horrors they endured.

The American Woman.

Who shall say which is the true American woman, the housekeeper of the Kansas farm, or the Tennessee mountain cabin, or of the city flat? There is no composite of the American woman, who is least of all to be studied in Fifth avenue or Newport, or to be judged by the "stories" about her in the illustrated Sunday supplements. That she has her faults, wherever she be, is perfectly obvious, since she is but human. We are inclined to think that a serious and careful student would find the educated woman less interested in political questions than her sisters abroad. But, on the other hand, if there is a narrow-mindedness along these lines, where is her equal in charitable work? Where any others who merit such praise for maintaining the artistic and the refining influences of the home?—New York Evening Post.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'



DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"DROPS" takes internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND

Of Brewster, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could get from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from 'DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "DROPS," and test it yourself. "DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients. Large Size Bottle, "DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists. SWANSON RHEUMATISM CURE COMPANY, Dept. 80, 140 Lake Street, Chicago.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

The Home Paper

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
CONFECTIONERY

Daily Delivery.

All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

JOB PRINTING

We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

Cameron County Press

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Publisher.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered at the Postoffice at Emporium as second class matter.

The Best Advertising Medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Ordinary Advertisements are calculated on the inch length of column.

Ordinary advertisements, to take the run of the paper and change four times a year, will be inserted at the rates stated in the following table:

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	5 in.	10 in.	20 in.
1 Week...	\$ 1 00	\$ 2 00	\$ 3 00	3 50	8 00	12 00
2 Weeks...	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	11 00	16 00
3 Weeks...	2 00	3 50	5 00	7 00	13 00	18 00
4 Weeks...	2 50	4 00	6 00	8 00	15 00	20 00
5 Weeks...	3 00	4 50	7 00	9 00	17 00	22 00
6 Weeks...	3 50	5 00	8 00	10 00	19 00	24 00
7 Weeks...	4 00	5 50	9 00	11 00	21 00	26 00
8 Weeks...	4 50	6 00	10 00	12 00	23 00	28 00
9 Weeks...	5 00	6 50	11 00	13 00	25 00	30 00
10 Weeks...	5 50	7 00	12 00	14 00	27 00	32 00
11 Weeks...	6 00	7 50	13 00	15 00	29 00	34 00
12 Weeks...	6 50	8 00	14 00	16 00	31 00	36 00
13 Weeks...	7 00	8 50	15 00	17 00	33 00	38 00
14 Weeks...	7 50	9 00	16 00	18 00	35 00	40 00
15 Weeks...	8 00	9 50	17 00	19 00	37 00	42 00
16 Weeks...	8 50	10 00	18 00	20 00	39 00	44 00
17 Weeks...	9 00	10 50	19 00	21 00	41 00	46 00
18 Weeks...	9 50	11 00	20 00	22 00	43 00	48 00
19 Weeks...	10 00	11 50	21 00	23 00	45 00	50 00
20 Weeks...	10 50	12 00	22 00	24 00	47 00	52 00
21 Weeks...	11 00	12 50	23 00	25 00	49 00	54 00
22 Weeks...	11 50	13 00	24 00	26 00	51 00	56 00
23 Weeks...	12 00	13 50	25 00	27 00	53 00	58 00
24 Weeks...	12 50	14 00	26 00	28 00	55 00	60 00
25 Weeks...	13 00	14 50	27 00	29 00	57 00	62 00
26 Weeks...	13 50	15 00	28 00	30 00	59 00	64 00
27 Weeks...	14 00	15 50	29 00	31 00	61 00	66 00
28 Weeks...	14 50	16 00	30 00	32 00	63 00	68 00
29 Weeks...	15 00	16 50	31 00	33 00	65 00	70 00
30 Weeks...	15 50	17 00	32 00	34 00	67 00	72 00
31 Weeks...	16 00	17 50	33 00	35 00	69 00	74 00
32 Weeks...	16 50	18 00	34 00	36 00	71 00	76 00
33 Weeks...	17 00	18 50	35 00	37 00	73 00	78 00
34 Weeks...	17 50	19 00	36 00	38 00	75 00	80 00
35 Weeks...	18 00	19 50	37 00	39 00	77 00	82 00
36 Weeks...	18 50	20 00	38 00	40 00	79 00	84 00
37 Weeks...	19 00	20 50	39 00	41 00	81 00	86 00
38 Weeks...	19 50	21 00	40 00	42 00	83 00	88 00
39 Weeks...	20 00	21 50	41 00	43 00	85 00	90 00
40 Weeks...	20 50	22 00	42 00	44 00	87 00	92 00
41 Weeks...	21 00	22 50	43 00	45 00	89 00	94 00
42 Weeks...	21 50	23 00	44 00	46 00	91 00	96 00
43 Weeks...	22 00	23 50	45 00	47 00	93 00	98 00
44 Weeks...	22 50	24 00	46 00	48 00	95 00	100 00
45 Weeks...	23 00	24 50	47 00	49 00	97 00	102 00
46 Weeks...	23 50	25 00	48 00	50 00	99 00	104 00
47 Weeks...	24 00	25 50	49 00	51 00	101 00	106 00
48 Weeks...	24 50	26 00	50 00	52 00	103 00	108 00
49 Weeks...	25 00	26 50	51 00	53 00	105 00	110 00
50 Weeks...	25 50	27 00	52 00	54 00	107 00	112 00
51 Weeks...	26 00	27 50	53 00	55 00	109 00	114 00
52 Weeks...	26 50	28 00	54 00	56 00	111 00	116 00
53 Weeks...	27 00	28 50	55 00	57 00	113 00	118 00
54 Weeks...	27 50	29 00	56 00	58 00	115 00	120 00
55 Weeks...	28 00	29 50	57 00	59 00	117 00	122 00
56 Weeks...	28 50	30 00	58 00	60 00	119 00	124 00
57 Weeks...	29 00	30 50	59 00	61 00	121 00	126 00
58 Weeks...	29 50	31 00	60 00	62 00	123 00	128 00
59 Weeks...	30 00	31 50	61 00	63 00	125 00	130 00
60 Weeks...	30 50	32 00	62 00	64 00	127 00	132 00
61 Weeks...	31 00	32 50	63 00	65 00	129 00	134 00
62 Weeks...	31 50	33 00	64 00	66 00	131 00	136 00
63 Weeks...	32 00	33 50	65 00	67 00	133 00	138 00
64 Weeks...	32 50	34 00	66 00	68 00	135 00	140 00
65 Weeks...	33 00	34 50	67 00	69 00	137 00	142 00
66 Weeks...	33 50	35 00	68 00	70 00	139 00	144 00
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68 Weeks...	34 50	36 00	70 00	72 00	143 00	148 00
69 Weeks...	35 00	36 50	71 00	73 00	145 00	150 00
70 Weeks...	35 50	37 00	72 00	74 00	147 00	152 00
71 Weeks...	36 00	37 50	73 00	75 00	149 00	154 00
72 Weeks...	36 50	38 00	74 00	76 00	151 00	156 00
73 Weeks...	37 00	38 50	75 00	77 00	153 00	158 00
74 Weeks...	37 50	39 00	76 00	78 00	155 00	160 00
75 Weeks...	38 00	39 50	77 00	79 00	157 00	162 00
76 Weeks...	38 50	40 00	78 00	80 00	159 00	164 00
77 Weeks...	39 00	40 50	79 00	81 00	161 00	166 00
78 Weeks...	39 50	41 00	80 00	82 00	163 00	168 00
79 Weeks...	40 00	41 50	81 00	83 00	165 00	170 00
80 Weeks...	40 50	42 00	82 00	84 00	167 00	172 00
81 Weeks...	41 00	42 50	83 00	85 00	169 00	174 00
82 Weeks...	41 50	43 00	84 00	86 00	171 00	176 00
83 Weeks...	42 00	43 50	85 00	87 00	173 00	178 00
84 Weeks...	42 50	44 00	86 00	88 00	175 00	180 00
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86 Weeks...	43 50	45 00	88 00	90 00	179 00	184 00
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88 Weeks...	44 50	46 00	90 00	92 00	183 00	188 00
89 Weeks...	45 00	46 50	91 00	93 00	185 00	190 00
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91 Weeks...	46 00	47 50	93 00	95 00	189 00	194 00
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94 Weeks...	47 50	49 00	96 00	98 00	195 00	200 00
95 Weeks...	48 00	49 50	97 00	99 00	197 00	202 00
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106 Weeks...	53 50	55 00	108 00	110 00	219 00	224 00
107 Weeks...	54 00	55 50	109 00	111 00	221 00	226 00
108 Weeks...	54 50	56 00	110 00	112 00	223 00	228 00
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110 Weeks...	55 50	57 00	112 00	114 00	227 00	232 00
111 Weeks...	56 00	57 50	113 00	115 00	229 00	234 00
112 Weeks...	56 50	58 00	114 00	116 00	231 00	236 00
113 Weeks...	57 00	58 50	115 00	117 00	233 00	238 00
114 Weeks...	57 50	59 00	116 00	118 00	235 00	240 00
115 Weeks...	58 00	59 50	117 00	119 00	237 00	242 00
116 Weeks...	58 50	60 00	118 00	120 00	239 00	244 00
117 Weeks...	59 00	60 50	119 00	121 00	241 00	246 00
118 Weeks...	59 50	61 00	120 00	122 00	243 00	248 00
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121 Weeks...	61 00	62 50	123 00	125 00	249 00	254 00
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124 Weeks...	62 50	64 00	126 00	128 00	255 00	260 00
125 Weeks...	63 00	64 50	127 00	129 00	257 00	262 00
126 Weeks...	63 50	65 00	128 00	130 00	259 00	264 00
127 Weeks...	64 00	65 50	129 00	131 00	261 00	266 00
128 Weeks...	64 50	66 00	130 00	132 00	263 00	268 00
129 Weeks...	65 00	66 50	131 00	133 00	265 00	270 00
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131 Weeks...	66 00	67 50	133 00	135 00	269 00	274 00
132 Weeks...	66 50	68 00	134 00	136 00	271 00	276 00
133 Weeks...	67 00	68 50	135 00	137 00	273 00	278 00
134 Weeks...	67 50	69 00	136 00	138 00	275 00	280 00
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136 Weeks...	68 50	70 00	138 00	140 00	279 00	284 00
137 Weeks...	69 00	70 50	139 00	141 00	281 00	286 00
138 Weeks...	69 50	71 00	140 00	142 00	283 00	288 00
139 Weeks...	70 00	71 50	141 00	143 00	285 00	290 00
140 Weeks...	70 50	72 00	142 00	144 00	287 00	292 00
141 Weeks...	71 00	72 50	143 00	145 00	289 00	294 00
142 Weeks...	71 50	73 00	144 00	146 00	291 00	296 00
143 Weeks...	72 00	73 50	145 00	147 00	293 00	298 00
144 Weeks...	72 50	74 00	146 00	148 00	295 00	300 00
145 Weeks...	73 00	74 50	147 00	149 00	297 00	302 00
146 Weeks...	73 50	75 00	148 00	150 00	299 00	304 00
147 Weeks...	74 00	75 50	149 00	151 00	301 00	306 00
148 Weeks...	74 50	76 00	150 00	152 00	303 00	308 00
149 Weeks...	75 00	76 50	151 00	153 00	305 00	310 00
150 Weeks...	75 50	77 00	152 00	154 00	307 00	312 00
151 Weeks...	76 00	77 50	153 00	155 00	309 00	314 00
152 Weeks...	76 50	78 00	154 00	156 00	311 00	316 00
153 Weeks...	77 00	78 50	155 00	157 00	313 00	318 00
154 Weeks...	77 50	79 00	156 00	158 00	315 00	320 00
155 Weeks...	78 00	79 50	157 00	159 00	317 00	322 00
156 Weeks...	78 50	80 00	158 00	160 00	319 00	324 00
157 Weeks...	79 00	80 50	159 00	161 00	321 00	326 00
158 Weeks...	79 50	81 00	160 00	162 00	323 00	328 00
159 Weeks...	80 00	81 50	161 00	163 00	325 00	330 00
160 Weeks...	80 50	82 00	162 00	164 00	327 00	332 00
161 Weeks...	81 00	82 50	163 00	165 00	329 00	334 00
162 Weeks...	81 50	83 00	164 00	166 00	331 00	336 00
163 Weeks...	82 00	83 50	165 00	167 00	333 00	338 00
164 Weeks...	82 50	84 00	166 00	168 00	335 00	340 00
165 Weeks...	83 00	84 50	167 00	169 00	337 00	342 00
166 Weeks...	83 50	85 00	168 00	170 00	33	

Food is more tasteful, healthful and nutritious when raised with



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Made from Grapes

Absolutely PURE

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. Those which you would like to see in this department, let us know by mail, and, better yet, personally.

Mr. Chester More, of Howard, Pa., called on friends in this place the last of the week.

H. M. Olmsted, of Ridgway, visited his father, H. C. Olmsted and family, over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Beers, of this place, departed for Troy, Pa., last Saturday, where she will visit relatives for some time.

Mrs. Clara Kibe and children are the guests of relatives at Trevorton, for a few weeks.

Miss Mary Davison, of Ridgway, called on friends and relations in this place, last Saturday.

Rev. J. M. Robertson, conducted the morning service in Grace Church at Ridgway last Sunday.

Miss Lena Bair and brother J. M., were guests of friends at St. Marys, last Sunday.

Miss Fannie Deitrich, who has been employed as head milliner at Mrs. E. S. Coppersmith's, has closed her season and returned to her home at Wapakoneta, Ohio.

Hon. F. F. X. Blumle and daughter, Miss Helen, accompanied by Miss Mary Costello, went to New York city the first of the week, where Miss Costello was placed in a school.

Miss Nellie E. Marsh, of Mason Hill, was a guest at the home of A. H. Farr, the last of the week. Miss Marsh, who is the daughter of our much respected friend, David F. Marsh, made the Press office a pleasant visit on Friday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Geo. Deike and children returned to their home at Kittanning, Pa., last Monday morning.

Misses Margaret Dodson and Marguerite Metzger, Messrs. Rodney Shives and John Murray, guests of Miss Ethel Fisher at Howard Siding, last Tuesday evening.

Mr. Lyman Wiley was taken very ill last Sunday and at this writing shows a little improvement, but is very weak.

Miss Ella Cotter, of St. Marys, visited friends in town over Sunday.

Joseph Johnston, of Buffalo, is now employed in Edward Blinzler's tontorial parlor.

L. H. Bruner, the efficient stenographer at the Calder Brick Works, departed for his home at Punxsutawney last Tuesday, where he will enjoy a vacation of a few weeks.

Miss Alma Hertig, who has been employed at Andover, Ohio, as milliner, the past season, returned to her home, in this place on Monday.

Miss Bryan, professional nurse, who has been assisting in nursing the fever patients in town, during the past few weeks, was taken to her home, Punxsutawney, yesterday, having evidently contracted the disease. Mrs. W. H. Howard accompanied her to Ridgway, where she was met by her brother.

Miss Mary Murphy, who has been nursing in Emporium, for the past two months in the homes of Mrs. M. A. Rockwell, Mr. Henry Auchu and Mr. George Smutz's has returned to her home at DuBois, having been very successful with all her cases.

Miss Rose Smith, of this place, visited her brother Thomas, who is down with typhoid fever in Ridgway hospital, last Wednesday. He is doing well.

Geo. A. Walker, Jr., and sister, Miss Grace, have been visiting in Buffalo, since Thanksgiving, guests of W. L. Sykes and family. Geo. has returned home, but Miss Grace remains there.

The Wrong Horse.

Bridget had been in America only a few months, but she believed in the principle of pretending to know what she ought to know. She had been engaged as laundry girl in a small family of well to do people. When asked if she understood all the details of her work she unhesitatingly replied, "Sure I do, ma'am."

Her mistress was not quite satisfied, however, and while she was busy with her first washing looked in upon her. Bridget seemed to be doing all right, and she left without offering suggestions.

Next morning the ironing was in order, and Bridget was hard at it when her mistress looked in to say, "As you get the clothes ironed, just throw them over the horse."

"All right, ma'am," the busy laundry girl replied without stopping to raise her eyes from her work in hand.

The laundry room was located in an outhouse adjoining the barn, and occasionally the neighing of the family horse and the merry voice of Bridget resounded throughout the house.

Returning to the laundry house a couple of hours later, the lady could scarcely believe her eyes nor restrain her mirth when she beheld the family horse, standing patiently beside Bridget, loaded down with newly ironed sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths and lace trimmed waists and skirts. With an anxious look on her honest face Bridget observed, "I'm glad you've come, ma'am, for I'll have to have another horse."

Working Too Hard.

The owner of the farm had been enjoying himself at the county fair, while his hardworking wife stayed at home to see that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"Well, Sarah," said the owner upon his return, "I'm about all tired out. Is the cows in the barn?"

"Yes; long since," replied his wife, barely looking up from the task then in hand.

"Is the horses unharnessed and fed?"

"Yes."

"Chickens locked up?"

"Yes."

"Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Wagon hauled around and ready to start in the mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," concluded the exhausted owner, with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper. I'm goin' to turn in. Farmin's beginnin' to tell on me."—New York Herald.

The Popular Coral.

The dealer held up two strings of coral. They were of equal size, but one was dark and dull in hue, the other beautifully pink and translucent.

"The dark one," he said, "is worth 50 cents; the pink one is worth \$500. That is what makes coral so popular. It suits all pocketbooks. All over the world it goes. These strings of rough, uncut beads are for the dead of India. They are put round the necks of the bodies about to be burned in the ghats. These large and blood red beads go to Africa. They are much liked by the natives, whose dark skins they perfectly suit. Here are a lot of coral hands with fingers extended in a V—the gesture that wards off the evil eye. The coral hands are for Italy, where the belief in their efficacy is widespread."—Buffalo Express.

He Would Return.

Marlow was three years old. One day his mother said to him, "Now, Marlow, you may go outdoors to play for awhile, but if I see you crossing the street to play with that naughty little boy Willie Burr again I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called with forced gentleness: "Marlow, come here to me!"

Marlow came, but as he did so he turned to his companion and said:

"You stay right here, Willie. I'm doin' in to get spanked. I'll be right back."—Delineator.

Catching Rats.

The best way to catch rats is to put any animal substance, well perfumed with oil of rhodium, into a trap. This induces them to enter readily and even draws them from a considerable distance, as they are extremely partial to this oil. An ounce of oil of rhodium will cost you 50 cents. Catnip to a rat is nothing like rhodium to a rat. Oil of rhodium is made from a species of bindweed and is used in perfumery.—New York Press.

The Wrong Shoulder.

In a timber yard two workmen were carrying a large piece of wood when the manager, who happened to come up at the time, accosted one of them. "Joe," said he, "you've got that batten upon the wrong shoulder."

"I know that," was the ready reply. "It should be upon yours!"—London Scraps.

Extending Zone.

"Teacher says," exclaimed the precocious child, "that we live in the temperate zone."

"Yes," answered Colonel Stilwell.

"And if these Prohibitionists keep going it'll be worse than that."—Washington Star.

Worrying.

Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only determine not to let trifles annoy us, for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

Let him who has bestowed a benefit be silent. Let him who received it tell of it. —Seneca.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS TO CHRISTMAS BUYERS

Do Your Shopping Early

DAY'S
The Satisfactory Store

Leave your Orders for Holly Wreaths

THIS is not exactly Santa Clause headquarters for dolls and toys, etc., but Old Santa knows that to thoroughly enjoy these things the wants and cravings of the inner man must first be satisfied and long since discovered that at no place in Emporium could this be so well done as at DAY'S and year after year at this season are gathered together from the four corners of the world the good things that are helpful. This year is no exception. THE GOOD THINGS ARE HERE and will continue to arrive as needed and we are here to give you the same satisfactory service for which this store has the reputation. MAY WE SERVE YOU?

Practical Christmas Gifts

If you wish to please your friends most, in your giving, make it something practical. Here may be found, at surprisingly low cost the things which will be the delight of every housekeeper to receive.

China This commodity is always a delight to the ladies. Who ever saw a woman with too much of it? We can supply from a beautifully designed ten article to a complete Dinner Set.

Crockery Our line of White Granite from the best pottery in America is complete. Buy what you want, one piece or a complete set. Table or Toilet Ware.

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE. Here we will fit you out at Small Cost and what will make a woman happier than to have plenty of conveniences to work with in the kitchen. Husbands bear in mind that you ought not to expect much if you do not supply the things needful in the home. Wood and Willow Ware. Many useful and convenient articles, such as hampers, Shopping baskets, waste paper baskets, chopping bowls, meat and bread boards, etc., etc.



Glassware, Stoneware, Glazedware, Lamps.

OUR Christmas Grocery Sale

BEGINS NOW

Here's the List for Friday and Saturday THIS WEEK

Sugar 25 pound bag best Granulated Sugar, \$1.55	Bird Seed A 10c package Selected Bird Seed 8c, or 4 Packages 30c	Beans Burnham & Morrill Co., Baked Beans, 18c the Can, or 2 Cans for 35c
Oranges Large Juicy Florida Granges, Per dozen 25c	Lard Pure Lard in Bulk, a lb 13c. 55 lb tubs, lb. 12½c	Currants Best Quality Cleaned Currants, 1 Lb. Carton 11c
Soap 7 cakes Oak Leaf Soap, 25c	Pears N. Y. State Bartlett Pears, 25c Can 20c	Soda Churches Arm and Hammer Brand Soda, 1 Lb. Package 8c
Hams California Hams (Trimmed Shoulder), Smoked or Fresh, A Lb. 10c	Tea 75c Green Tea—Hyson, Lb. 60c	Clam Chowder Van Camp's, 10c cans, 3 Cans 25c One can makes six portions.
Walnuts New California Soft Shell Walnuts, 20c a Lb.	Gorn Choicest Quality, Maine Corn, 2 Cans 25c	Matches 50c package Searchlight Matches, 45c

Baltimore Shucked Oysters. Fresh Caught Lake Fish. You Get Better Values Here

Prompt Delivery to all parts of Town. **J. H. DAY.**
Phone 6, Emporium, Pa.

Merchant Tailoring

Distinction in Men's Garments is only possible when each garment is made to fit the Man, instead of trying to make the man fit the garment. No two men are exactly alike. That's why the particular dresser should have his clothes made by an expert tailor. The care with which we are making our clothes will give you perfect satisfaction and a good fit as well as the best goods.

Workmanship Guaranteed

Yours for Business,

Theo. Haberstock

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST
MARITAL ROMANCE

By
Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1908, by W. O. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and fleeing her pursuers. Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives. Seton, fearing love for Debbie, flagship British overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women escaped by again taking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refused to go until after meeting Strathgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blythedale's castle. Encounter is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached and are hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at sword from Strathgate. Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"I was his master because he was a villain," answered my Lord Carrington. "He nearly had me undone at first, but I knew he couldn't go the pace, and a clean life and an honest heart wore him down at last; and yet I don't know which is much the worse, the damned scoundrel or the damned fool! I hope he'll live. Somehow, when I saw him there helpless on the grass, my sword through his breast, a good deal of the enmity went out of me. If I could get my wife now, I'd be satisfied. A damned fool!" my lord laughed nervously as he turned away. Yes, if he could have gotten his wife then, he would have been satisfied, and his wife would have been satisfied, too. But Ellen lay in the bushes in a dead faint. The relief of the denouement had been too much for her. And there was horror at the picture of Strathgate, blood spurting about the blade of the sword where it entered and where it left his body, reeling, his hands in the air, white-faced, desperate, crashing down at her husband's feet.

Debbie, in a like state of collapse, but not quite insensible, not knowing what to do, not daring to do what she knew, if she had known.

CHAPTER XX.

My Lord Is Arrested.

But Lord Carrington was not to go very far in his present path, for two carriages which had galloped rapidly across the park toward the one which had brought him thither stopped suddenly before Carrington and Parkman. The door was thrown open and Sir Charles Seton and a naval officer in full uniform alighted from the first. From a second a sergeant and four marines, completely armed, descended to the sword.

The marines instantly fell in ranks and stood at attention. The naval officer looked back toward them. The sergeant saluted and declared himself ready for the business on which he had come. Seton had taken a step toward his friend, when the latter, his pale face suddenly flushing, darted at him.

"Seton," he said in a low, fierce voice, "where's my wife?"

In the intensity of his passion he seized Seton by the shoulders and shook him slightly.

Now, Sir Charles had come there with a great pity for Carrington in his heart and a willingness to forget and forgive the other's insults and threats, but the soldier was as quick tempered as the sailor, and his own face answered the ruddy flag in Carrington's cheek.

"Take your hand off me, Lord Carrington," he cried, wrenching himself free and springing backward, his own hand upon his sword.

"I've had one man's blood on my hands this morning," returned my lord, savagely, "and I don't want to have another's, but, by heaven, if you do not instantly declare to me what you did with my wife, I'll strike you where you stand!"

"And I swear to you," cried Seton, whipping out his blade, "that if you come near me again I'll run you through without benefit of clergy."

"Sir Charles Seton," began my lord, evidently mastering his feelings with great difficulty, "little do I care for your threats, but I must have an answer to my question. Lady Carrington is known to have boarded that merchant ship which was overhauled. I have no doubt, by the Britannia. Knowing our navy as I do, I have no hesitancy in believing that Lady Carrington was taken from that ship; that she was brought back to Portsmouth on the Britannia, and has been, or is now, under your care. Where is she?"

"Lord Carrington," returned Sir Charles, standing upon a punctilio, "I recognize no right in you to question me and I decline to give you any reply in your present condition."

"Will you reply to my sword's point?" exclaimed my lord, passionately.

"With pleasure," said Sir Charles, proudly, "but perhaps I may say this much. I don't know where your wife is, or Mistress Slocum, either. I wish to God I did. She isn't under my protection as you insinuate."

"That's a lie!" burst out my lord, fiercely.

"Good God!" cried Sir Charles, stepping forward menacingly.

"Charles," said Carrington with a sudden change of manner, "you were once my best friend, for God's sake, tell me where my wife is?"

"You've insulted me publicly," cried Seton, a man of slower temper, but of quite as hot a disposition, once aroused, as his former friend. He recked nothing of my lord's appeal. He saw only the fearful insult that had been hurled upon him. "Draw your weapon!" he exclaimed, extending his own blade so that the point almost touched Carrington's breast.

My lord suddenly seized Seton's sword by the blade with his naked hand, and although the sharp edge bit into his palm, with a quick jerk he tore it from the surprised baronet, who was naturally not expecting an act of that kind.

"Tell me, tell me!" he cried. "You may kill me after that, or I you if needs must be, but where is my wife?"

"Bernard, you're beside yourself," said Parkman, picking up Sir Charles' sword, "let me apologize to you, Sir Charles, for my principal."

He bowed gravely and extended the hilt toward Sir Charles. But Sir Charles would not be pacified.

"Tell your principal to make ready at once," he continued, "or I shall feel justified in cutting him down."

"This can go no further, gentlemen," now interposed the naval officer who had come with Seton.

"And what business is it of yours, McLearn?" cried my lord, laying his hand on his sword hilt and quite des-



"On These," Answered McLearn.

perate at the situation in which he found himself. "I take it that you have no interest in this quarrel unless it is to perform a friend's office for Sir Charles Seton with whom you came."

"Have I not?" said McLearn, sharply. "Nay, never menace me with your blade, Lord Carrington. I'll take charge of it."

He stepped closer and extended his hand for my lord's sword.

"And on what grounds, pray?" asked Carrington in a high voice.

"On these," answered McLearn, equally determined. As he spoke he hauled out from his pocket a folded paper. "Tis an order of arrest from Admiral Kephart for disobedience of orders, failure to rejoin your ship, insulting language to your commanding officer. Admiral Kephart's sign and seal, sir." He shook the paper forth as he spoke. "Now, your sword."

"As a gentleman and I make no doubt a man of honor yourself, Lieutenant McLearn," continued Carrington, glancing at the single epaulet on the officer's shoulder, "you will, I am persuaded, grant me a few moments respite in which this gentleman and I may continue our debate."

"What, and run the chance of having to carry back a dead body to the admiral? No, sir," returned McLearn, peremptorily. "I have orders to bring you to the Britannia in your proper person."

"And if I refuse?"

"Sergeant," McLearn turned to the marine, "if Lieutenant Lord Carrington does not hand me his sword before I count ten, you will advance your men and take it from him by force."

"Parkman, will you see this thing done?" cried my lord as McLearn, who was a man of great determination, began to count.

"You're in the wrong, Bernard," an-

swered Parkman, "you must obey orders. I've no doubt you can get clear, but now the admiral's word goes."

"And did you, Sir Charles, provoke this quarrel knowing that I was bound and fettered?"

"Damnation!" cried Seton. "You insult and insult and insult me! Give him five minutes, Mr. McLearn!"

"Nine!" said McLearn with especial emphasis.

"Squad, attention!" cried the sergeant.

Carrington knew that the game was up. Without another word, he seized his sword by the blade and tendered the hilt to McLearn.

"That's well," said the lieutenant, quickly, "now, if you will enter the carriage with me. And you, Sir Charles."

"I wouldn't ride in the same carriage with him, curse him!" returned the baronet hotly. "Leave me here. I shall get away. I have some acquaintance with Blythedale, and—"

"Very good," said the officer turning away.

"Tell me one thing," said my Lord Carrington as McLearn approached the carriage which my lord had already entered, "is my wife—are there any women aboard the Britannia?"

"She is not there, she hasn't been there."

"Was there anyone taken from that merchant ship?"

"No one was aboard of her. I heard Collier say that those they sought to seize from her had escaped."

Carrington's face lighted and then fell, lighted at the thought that his wife was not with Seton, fell that her whereabouts was as much a mystery to him as ever. He had wronged Seton dreadfully. He was a proud man, my lord, but something must be done.

"Sir Charles Seton!" he cried and Seton turned and stepped toward him, his face black with passion, but his manner cold and composed. "I did you an injustice. I'm ready to atone for it in any way you may decide if ever I get free from this cursed arrest, but I cannot go away easy in my mind without any apology."

"No apologies," cried Sir Charles, "are adequate to such a situation."

"I suppose not," returned my lord. "I've just done for Strathgate yonder, perhaps fate'll get even by giving you a chance at me. You know what Strathgate said to me?" he continued with one of those quick changes of manner to which he was subject. "As he lay on the grass with half a fathom of my blade in his breast, he cried out: 'Carrington, you're a damned fool!'"

It's true, Charles. Drive on, McLearn," he said, sinking back in the cushions and turning his face away.

The two carriages rolled out of the park rapidly leaving Seton staring in amazement at the remarkable and contradictory remarks of his former friend.

When he recovered his equanimity in some measure at least, the baronet turned and walked toward the two still busied about Strathgate. His situation was so critical and there was so much to do that they had paid no attention whatsoever to the exciting incident which had just taken place within earshot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BELONG TO TEMPERATE ZONE.

Four-Fifths of the Horses of the World Are Found There.

Of the 100,000,000 horses known to exist in the world, 80,000,000 or four-fifths of the entire number are found in the temperate zone and nearly all among the occidental people.

According to the National Geographical Magazine, the remaining 20,000,000 scattered through the tropics are largely employed in the service of temperate zone visitors or residents and are but feeble representatives of that animal as he is known to the people of Europe or America.

In the United States and Canada we have 1 horse for every 372 persons; in South America, 1 for every 7; in Mexico, 1 for every 12; in Japan, 1 for every 30; 1 to 40 in Turkey, for 50 in the Philippines, for about 150 in Africa and 200 in India and Southern China.

The llama will carry from 50 to 200 pounds; a man from 75 to 150 pounds; the donkey 100 to 200 pounds; an ox 150 to 200 pounds; a horse from 200 to 250 pounds; the elephant from 1,800 to 2,500 pounds; the camel from 350 to 500 pounds.

Sad-Colored Food.

Now that it has been discovered, or rediscovered, by an eminent physician that the colors of food have much to do with the appetite, a woman in town who is known for her novel entertainments is going to give a luncheon where all the dishes "will be bright and cheerful in tone." There will be no overdone roasts at this repast.

A London gastronomic expert, preaching along the Pittsburg doctor's lines, says: "Persons naturally avoid sombre-colored food. As an instance, a man will come home to dinner and see a grayish-colored, overdone leg of mutton before him. He won't touch it. It is not the meat, but the color, which has turned him against the food. The same man will see a piece of red, underdone beef, and he fancies it at once. He is attracted by the color."

Question Still Undecided.

Writers in magazines are still debating the question as to whether women are more responsible than men for the low tone of modern literature, not only as the writers of books, but as the readers. One writer suggests that novelists should be licensed and that they should give evidence of wholesomeness and purity of thought before the coveted privilege to publish could be obtained.

Light Freights

By W. W. JACOBS

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

(Copyright, Dodd, Mead Company.)

The old man sat outside the Cauliflower inn, looking crossly up the road. He was fond of conversation, but the pedestrian who had stopped to drink a mug of ale beneath the shade of the doors was not happy in his choice of subjects.

Conversation languished; the traveler rapped on the table and had his mug refilled. He nodded courteously to his companion and drank.

"You're another Job Brown," said the old man, irritably, "that's wot you are; another Job Brown. I've seen your kind afore."

He shifted farther along the seat, and, taking up his long clay pipe from the table, struck a match and smoked the few whiffs which remained.

"Wot I said just now about you being like Job Brown was only in joke like," he said, anxiously, as he tasted the brew. "If Job 'ad been like you he'd ha' been a better man."

The philanthropist bowed. "He was one o' the 'ardest drinkers in these parts," began the old man, slowly, filling his pipe.

The traveler thanked him. "Sometimes 'e used to get pitiful over it, and sit shaking 'is 'ead at 'em for drowning themselves in beer, as he called it, when they ought to be giving the money to their wives and families. He sat down and cried one night over Bill Chambers' wife's toes being out of 'er boots. Bill sat struck all of a 'eap, and it might 'ave passed off, only Henery White spoke up for 'im, and said that he scarcely ever 'ad a pint but wot somebody else paid for it. There was unpleasantness all round then, and in the row somebody knocked one o' Henery's teeth out."

"And that wasn't the only unpleasantness, and at last some of the chaps put their 'eads together and agreed among themselves to try and help Job Brown to give up the drink. They kep' it secret from Job, but the next time 'e came in and ordered a pint Joe Gubbins—'aving won the toss—drank 'im by mistake, and went straight off 'ome as 'ard as 'e could, smacking 'is lips."

"He 'ad the best of it, the other chaps 'aving to 'old Job down in 'is chair, and trying their 'ardest to explain that Joe Gubbins was only doing him a kindness."

"He kept a very tight 'old 'o the next pint, and as 'e set down at the table he looked round nasty like and asked 'em whether there was any more as would like to do 'im a kindness, and Henery White said there was, and he went straight off 'ome arter fust dropping a handful o' sawdust into Job's mug."

"I'm an old man, an' I've seen a good many rows in my time, but I've never seen anything like the one that 'appened then. It was no good talking to Job, not a bit, he being that

"Mind Your Own Business," Ses John Brown.

he suddenly wondered wot 'e was going downstairs for instead of up, and larfing gently at 'is foolishness for making sich a mistake 'e went upstairs agin. His surprise when 'e see Dick Weed and Mrs. Weed and the baby all in 'is bed pretty near took 'is breath away."

"Wot are you doing in my bed?" he ses.

"It's our bed," ses Dick, trembling all over with rage. "I've told you afore you've come into the wrong 'ouse."

"Wrong 'ouse," ses Job, staring round the room. "I b'leeve you're right. Goo-night, Dick; goo-night, Mrs. Weed; goo-night, baby."

"They 'ad the neighbors in then, and the trouble they 'ad to get Job downstairs wouldn't be believed. Mrs. Pottle went for 'is wife at last, and then Job went 'ome with 'er like a lamb, asking 'er where she'd been all the evening, and saying 'e'd been looking for 'er everywhere."

"There was such a to-do about it in the village next morning that Job Brown was fairly scared."

"He wasn't like hisself that night up at the Cauliflower. 'E sat up in the corner and wouldn't take notice of anybody, and it was easy to see as he was thoroughly ashamed of hisself."

"Cheer up, Job," says Bill Chambers, at last; "you ain't the fust man as has made a fool of hisself."

"Mind your own business," ses Job Brown, "and I'll mind mine."

"Why don't you leave 'im alone, Bill?" ses Henery White; "you can see the man is worried because the baby can't talk."

"Oh," ses Bill, "I thought 'e was worried because 'is wife could."

"I'm going to give it up, Smith," he ses, "and I'll give five pounds to anybody as'll prevent me tasting intoxicating licker for a month."

"Bill Chambers wasn't satisfied then. He pointed out that earning the five pounds, and then getting it out o' Job Brown afterwards, was two such entirely different things that there was no likeness between 'em at all. Then Job Brown got so mad 'e didn't know wot 'e was doing, and 'e 'anded over five pounds to Smith the landlord and wrote on the paper that he was to give it to anybody who should earn it, without consulting 'im at all. Even Bill couldn't think of anything to say agin that, but he made a point of biting all the sovereigns."

"There was quite a excitement for a few days. Henery White 'e got a 'eadache with thinking, and Joe Gubbins, 'e got a 'eadache for drinking Job Brown's beer agin. There was all sorts o' wild ways mentioned to earn that five pounds, but they didn't come to anything."

"Arter a week had gone by Job Brown began to get restless like, and once or twice 'e said in Smith's hearing 'ow useful five pounds would be."

"He used to ask Smith for it every night, and Smith used to give 'im the same answer, until at last Job Brown said he'd go an' see a lawyer about it. That frightened Smith a bit, and I b'lieve he'd ha' 'anded it over, but two days afterwards Job was going upstairs so careful that he fell down to the bottom and broke 'is leg."

"It was broken in two places, and the doctor said it would be a long job, owing to 'is drinking habits, and 'e gave Mrs. Brown strict orders that Job wasn't to 'ave a drop of anything, even if 'e asked for it."

"There was a lot o' talk about it up at the Cauliflower 'ere, and Henery White, arter a bad 'eadache, thought of a plan by which 'e and Bill Chambers could 'ave that five pounds



There Was Unpleasantness All 'Round Then.

"He 'appened to give a 'alf-look towards the bed as 'e did so, and then 'e started back and rubbed 'is eyes and told 'imself he'd be better in a minute. Then 'e looked agin, for 'is wife was nowhere to be seen, and in the bed all fast and sound asleep and snoring their 'ardest was little Dick Weed the tailor and Mrs. Weed and the baby."

"Get up," ses Job, 'ardly able to speak. "I'm surprised at you. Get up out o' my bed direckly."

"Your bed?" screams little Dick; "you're the worse for licker, Job Brown. Can't you see you've come into the wrong house?"

"Eh?" ses Job, staring. "Wrong 'ouse? Well, where's mine, then?"

"Next door but one, same as it always was," ses Dick. "Will you go?"

"Job began to go downstairs, saying 'goo-night' as 'e went, and he'd got pretty near to the bottom when



"Mind Your Own Business," Ses John Brown.

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atween 'em. The ide. was that Bill Chambers was to go with Henery to see Job, and take 'im a bottle of beer, and jist as Job was going to drink it Henery should knock it out of 'is 'ands, at the same time telling Bill Chambers 'e ought to be ashamed o' hisself."

"It was a good idea, and, as Henery White said, if Mrs. Brown was in the room so much the better, as she'd be a witness. He made Bill swear to keep it secret for fear of other chaps doing it arterwards, and then they bought a bottle o' beer and set off up the road to Job's. The annoying part of it was, arter all their trouble and Henery White's 'cadache, Mrs. Brown wouldn't let 'em in. They begged and prayed of 'er to let 'em go up and jist 'ave a peep at 'im, but she wouldn't. She said she'd go upstairs and peep for 'em, and she came down agin and said that 'e was a little bit flushed but sleeping like a lamb."

"Job promised that 'e would give liquor up; but the fust day 'e felt able to crawl on 'is crutches he made up 'is mind to go up to the Cauliflower and see whether gin and beer tasted as good as it used to. The only thing was 'is wife might stop 'im."

"You're done up with nursing me, old gal," he ses to 'is wife.

"I am a bit tired," ses she.

"You go, my dear," ses Job. "I shall be quite 'appy sitting at the gate in the sun with a glass o' milk an' a pipe."

"He persuaded 'er at last, and, in a fit o' generosity, gave 'er three shillings to go shopping with, and as soon as she was out o' sight he went off with a crutch and a stick, smiling all over 'is face. He met Dick Weed in the road and they shook 'ands quite friendly, and Job asked 'im to 'ave a drink. Then Henery White and some more chaps came along, and by the time they got to the Cauliflower they was as merry a party as you'd wish to see."

"Every man 'ad a pint o' beer, which Job paid for, not forgetting Smith 'isself, and Job closed 'is eyes with pleasure as 'e took his."

"And I'll trouble you for that five pounds, Smith," 'e ses, smiling. "I've been without anything stronger than milk for seven weeks. I never thought when I wrote that paper I was going to earn my own money."

"Has your wife gone shopping today?" ses Smith, looking at 'im very solemn.

"Job Brown put 'is mug down on the table and turned pale as ashes. Then 'e got up and limped over to the bar."

"Wot d'yer mean?" he ses, choking.

"She said she thought o' doing so," ses Smith, wiping a glass; "she came in yesterday and asked for that five pounds she'd won. The doctor came in with 'er and said she'd kept you from licker for seven weeks, let alone a month; so, according to the paper, I 'ad to give it to 'er. I 'ope I done right, Job?"

"Job didn't answer 'im a word, good or bad. He just turned 'is back on him, and, picking up 'is crutch and 'is stick, hobbled off 'ome. Henery White tried to make 'im stop and 'ave another pint, but he wouldn't. He said he didn't want 'is wife to find 'im out when she returned."

NATURE AS A FAKER.

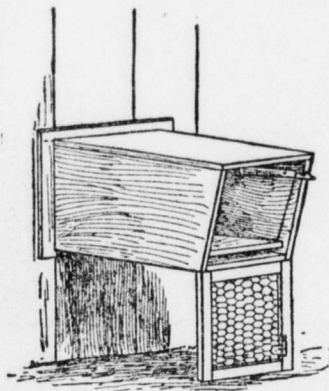
Sometimes Deceives Even the Trained Eye

POULTRY AND BEES

GOOD POULTRY PROTECTOR.

Making Chute Door That Chickens Can Open.

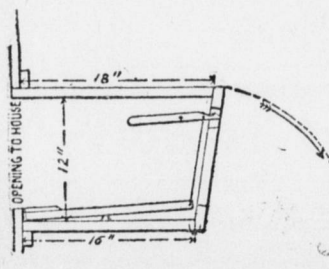
Wherever there is danger of skunks, weasels and other prowlers getting into the chicken house and killing poultry, a protector, such as illustrated herewith, will be found of great advantage. The best feature about the protector is that the first fowl to step on the running board



Self-Opening Poultry Protector.

will release the doors which will drop and allow her and the other fowl to escape. The only thing, therefore, necessary in operating is to lift the door in the evening after the fowls have gone to roost. It will latch itself and remain in that position during the night.

As will be seen from the cross-section, says the Orange Judd Farmer, the floor is balanced and connected with a stout wire to latch of the door. This being tilted somewhat outward from above, readily falls when the latch is sprung by the hen stepping



Cross Section of Protector.

on the floor beyond the point of balance. The measurements given in the drawing are merely suggestive. For large fowls the height of 12 inches may not be great enough, but this any poultryman can readily fix for himself. The mesh of the wire front should be too small to permit a weasel entering; one inch mesh is plenty small enough.

REMEMBER THE BEES.

Care in Winter Will Give You Stronger Colony in Spring.

The bees have been but little trouble to you so far, and will be but little more, yet they do require some attention, and in the spring when other work claims your attention is the time when they are most likely to be neglected. At the present time about the only thing to do is to look into them, occasionally and see that they have plenty of winter stores and that the mice and moths are not molesting them.

Get the hives ready for spring occupancy when swarming begins. If you wait till the bees are swarming they will not be time to make preparations. Clean all frames and sections by heating a case knife and scraping propolis and comb away. This is good weather for that; you can sit near the stove and keep the knife warm.

If any of the colonies need feeding, thick sirup of granulated sugar is about the best that can be fed to them unless you have extracted honey, recommends Farmers' Voice. Some form of feeder is best, but in want of these it will be satisfactory to place the sirup in a shallow pan and set on top of the frames. It is not so easy to feed in an old box hive, but where there are holes in the top for putting a cap on the sirup may be set on top, the holes opened and a box set over it; or the sirup may be placed under the hive, on the bottom board.

Renewing Nests.

To keep the fowls free from disease and lice (including mites), it is necessary to keep all about them in a state of as perfect cleanliness as possible. Renewing the nests will greatly help, and this should be done oftener than it is. A barrel of cut straw at hand will act as a reminder, and the nest will be renewed oftener than it will be if no material for the purpose is at hand. We have seen many nests in which the nest material had been left in so long that it had become beaten almost to dust, and covered a multitude of thirsty little blood-suckers. If it is necessary to renew the egg nest material of the hen that is simply laying it is still more necessary to renew often the material in the nests that are used for incubation purposes.

The clean, light and airy henhouse is the kind that will help the hens to make a profit on feeds. There is time in the winter to make them right.

PROFITABLE AGES OF FOWLS.

First Laying Year of a Hen Gives the Best Profit.

As a general rule it is found that pullets are the most profitable fowls to keep for the production of eggs. Some experienced poultry men may claim that they have just as good results from older animals, but the experience of the many does not seem to bear out such a statement. We would like to know what our readers think about it. What age fowl has given you the best returns? Has your experience been in accordance with the following report from the Oregon experiment station, as presented by Prof. Dryden of that station?

It is a point in management that I wish to speak of here, one point in many that must be taken into account if poultry keeping is to be made a success. It is a question of the most profitable age of the hen. Poultrymen who have kept in touch with poultry investigations during the past few years are pretty well informed on this point, but the importance of this subject is not yet generally appreciated. The writer carried on for several years at the Utah experiment station a line of experiments with the object of determining the value of the hen at different ages for egg production. The same hens were kept year after year under similar conditions, and a record kept of production and of food consumed. These experiments proved that the hen is different from the cow, which retains or improves her productivity with age. The first year was the most profitable, and there was a gradual decrease in productivity each succeeding year. It is safe to figure this decrease at 25 per cent. each year. With average prices for food and for eggs, it is not profitable to keep hens after they have finished their second year of laying. The first, or pullet year is very profitable, the second will give a satisfactory profit, but during the third year the egg yield will seldom pay for the food consumed.

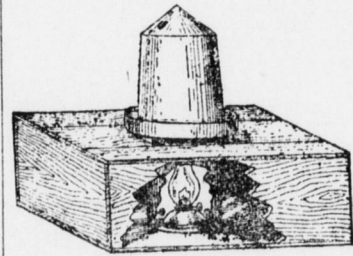
These conclusions, of course, apply only where the eggs are sold at market prices. Fowls that have a special value as breeding stock should be kept longer, but the notion that "the old speckled hen" is the good layer should not be cherished unless she is caught in the trap nest. The fact that she sings a joyful lay, paints her comb a brilliant red, and scratches a vigorous scratch should not be accepted as sufficient grounds for commencing the sentence.

It is safe to say that poultry keepers would be many thousands of dollars in the pocket by rigorously killing off the hens every two years and replacing them with new stock—with the exceptions noted above.

WARM WATER FOR HENS

Device Which Will Help to Provide Comfort for Hens in Winter.

The drawing shown herewith taken from the Orange Judd Farmer illustrates a simple device for providing fowls with warm drinking water, which is believed to be more conducive to egg laying than cold water. A shallow box forms a chamber in which a small lamp is placed and surrounded by a tomato can with some holes punched near the bottom for



Warm Water Device.

draft. The top of the can is cut out evenly and the can itself is placed immediately below the hole cut in the top of the wooden box. A couple of thin pieces of wood are nailed on opposite sides of this hole, and a common drinking fountain placed on top. The warm air coming from the lighted lamp prevents the water from freezing.

CEMENT IN POULTRY HOUSES.

Its Use Makes the Cleaning of the Poultry House an Easy Task.

Cement is particularly adapted to the construction of poultry houses, except, possibly, the floors. If the cement is made smooth it will be easily cleaned at all times, and a stream of water can be thrown onto it without doing any injury. It is not a harbinger of lice, mites or disease germs.

In the form of grout it is now being used in the construction of the lower parts of poultry houses, and can be made of almost any thickness, where stones are abundant. When such foundations are laid they are rat proof and vermin proof. Usually they go so deep into the ground that no animal will burrow under them.

But with the use of cement a man must know his mind before the poultry house is constructed. Once constructed, it cannot be changed, as can a house made of boards, without destroying the material out of which it is composed.

But if a man has so carefully laid his plans that he knows he will not change his mind as to his plans he can safely go ahead in the use of cement in his poultry house construction, and the more of it used the better.

SEEMED WORSE EVERY DAY.

A Dangerous Case of Kidney Complaint and How It Was Checked.

Mrs. Lucy Quobek, Mechanic St., Hope Valley, R. I., says: "Eight years ago I contracted severe kidney trouble and my back began to ache continually. Every day it seemed worse. The least pressure on my back tortured me, and I could not stoop without a bad twinge. The kidney secretions passed irregularly with pain, and I bloated badly. My head swam and spots flitted before my eyes. One doctor said I was incurable. However, I found prompt relief when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills, and the troubles I have related gradually disappeared."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NINETY-EIGHT FEET SHY.



Mr. Gouty—Thank heaven, I'm not a centipede.

WAS VERY FULLY OCCUPIED.

Situation in Which Bibulous Irishman Had His Hands Full.

Some one asked George B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury, if he intended becoming a candidate for governor of New York. Now, Mr. Cortelyou had an especial aversion for leading questions, so he answered by telling the following story:

Two Irishmen celebrated St. Patrick's day and started home together, but became separated. Finally they discovered themselves hugging lamp posts on opposite sides of the street.

"How are yez, Pat?" called Mike. "Fair," says Pat, "how are yez?"

"I dunno," says Mike; "come over and see." "I can't come," says Pat. "Why can't yez?" says Mike. "I've got me hands full shytayin' where I am," says Pat.—N. Y. Herald.

TWO GOOD STORIES BY BARRIE.

One Told by Successful Author Is Decidedly Against Himself.

Mr. J. W. Barrie, the author of "What Every Woman Knows," tells a good story against himself.

A lady of his acquaintance had taken a friend to see one of his plays, and, quite astonished, he asked her why she did so.

"Oh," was the reply, "it's such a quiet street for the horses!" He also tells of a playgoer who received no response to his repeated requests to a lady in front of him to remove her huge hat.

At length, exasperated, he said: "If you won't take off your hat, my dear madam, will you be so kind as to fold back your ears?"—Woman's Life.

Conscience.

A man who does not use his conscience often has terrible paroxysms of it; but a man who uses it all the time never comes into what is called a state of conscience. It comes on him as dew on flowers, and falls on him gently as rain on the ground. He is full of conscience, but it is not concentrated at any single point. It is distributed through the brain, the nerves, the muscles and the skin. It is in every part of him. It pervades his life. It does not, therefore, rise up into a freshet.—Henry Ward Beecher.

LIVING ADVERTISEMENT

Glow of Health Speaks for Postum.

It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or not.

Simply stop it for a time and use Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will appear.

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady, "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia."

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth."

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug—caffeine.)

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything."

"When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my recovery of good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee."

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum. I am glad to be the means of inducing my many friends to use Postum, too."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MADE ROACHES HIS FRIENDS.

Act of Artemus Ward That Had Far-Reaching Effect.

George V. Kelcey, a veteran journalist of Cleveland, remembers Artemus Ward well.

"Ward called on me," he said the other day, "the night before one of his panorama lectures. There were some three or four large roaches scurrying about my room, and they attracted his attention."

"I am very fond of roaches," he said. "Once, in my own home, I found a roach struggling in a bowl of water. I took a half walnut shell and put him in it; it made a good boat; I gave him a couple of toothpicks for oars. Next morning I saw that he had fastened a hair to one of the toothpicks, and had evidently been fishing. Then, overcome with exhaustion, he had fallen asleep. The sight moved me. I took him out, washed him, gave him a spoonful of boiled egg, and let him go. That roach never forgot my kindness, and now my home is full of roaches."

BAD ITCHING HUMOR.

Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw—Feet Swollen—Sleep Broken—Cured in 2 Days by Cuticura.

"Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. For two or three weeks the suffering was intense and during that time I did not sleep an hour at a time. Then one morning I tried a bit of Cuticura. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord, N. H., May 14, 1907."

When Disease Will Disappear.

At the reopening of a medical school in London recently Sir John Broadbent, in an address to the students, said that he looked forward "to some Utopian era when such diseases as influenza, pneumonia, measles, scarlet fever and the like will become more or less extinct as a result of proper ventilation of offices, shops, public buildings and private houses, and other sanitary measures, such as the avoidance of overcrowding, the abolition of children's parties and the habit of indiscriminate kissing. The last should not be a hardship," Sir John added, if we accept the schoolboy's definition of a kiss: "It is just putting your mouth to a person's cheek and drawing in your breath, so as to make a little noise, which is not bad, but it does nothing in the way of helping you to love the person."

Diversion in the Country.

"I visited E. R. Thomas and found him doing well after his motor accident," said a member of the Automobile Club of America. "Thomas, as usual, rallied against our bad roads."

"He said that a friend who lived in the country had been to see him."

"The country is all right in the summer," Thomas admitted, "but in the fall and winter don't you find it dull?"

"Dull?" said the other. "No, indeed. Why, out our way some motor car or other gets stuck in the mud every night."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A New Ailment.

A South side four-year-old was not so full of mischievousness as usual.

"What is the matter, Ethel?" asked her mother. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"No'm," replied the little miss. "I fink there mus' be something wrong wif my liver and bacon."—Kansas City Times.

Is This True?

"I wouldn't do for politics, I guess," said the pretty girl. "I'd simply vote the way papa votes."

"In that," remarked an observer, "you wouldn't differ so very much from most men."

Qualified.

"Why in the world did you elect that dumb man as your representative?"

"That's all right. He may not be able to talk, but he can make motions."

About One.

Mrs. Hoyle—What time does your husband get in nights?

Mrs. Doyle—About the time the cuckoo clock has the least to do.

The Anglican church has broadened to the extent now of holding ordination services outside the cathedrals, so that more people may see them.

John D. Rockefeller and the duke of Westminster each receive over 250 begging letters a day.

It's surprising how many friends you have when they need you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A man may follow his natural bent and yet be perfectly straight.

A Nice Hint.

"I know what I'll do," said the girl whose bashful lover would not propose. "I'll go out as a trained nurse." "But that is a profession. You know nothing about it," he replied. "Haven't I had six months' experience sitting up nights with you?"—Illustrated Bits.

The Language of the Plants.

"He didn't care to write to her when he wanted her to arrange for a secret marriage, so he sent her a running vine."

"What did she do?"

"Sent him a canteloupe."

How It Happened.

Jack—How did Spylow get the bum eye—football?

Jake—No, sir. Sprained it last summer at der bathing peach.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Substitute.

The Critic—Gee, but you talked through your hat this evening! Why did you?

The Speaker—I lost my head.—Cleveland Leader.

Pensions for the heroes of the cross were advocated by Prof. J. W. Zeller before the Laymen's association of the Central Ohio Methodist conference.

Some men seem to enjoy getting the short end of it occasionally so that they will have an excuse for registering a kick.

The average woman can change her mind in half the time it takes a man to change his collar.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder. For swollen, sweating feet. Gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. 25c at all druggists.

He's a poor expressman who is unable to deliver the goods.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle

CANDY

For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalog, wholesale or retail. Gunther's Confectionery 212 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CASH

for your property wherever located. If you want to sell, send description and price. If you want to buy, state your wants. Northwestern Business Agency Dept. C, Bank of Commerce Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. N. K.—C (1908—49) 2259.

A Clever Fellow.

"Did you friend make a hit at the literary club?"

"I guess he did. He pronounced 'Les Miserables' in a brand-new way and then alluded to it as Victor Herbert's masterpiece."—Washington Herald.



JUST DOUBLE

320 ACRES INSTEAD OF 160 ACRES

As further inducement to settlement of the wheat-raising lands of Western Canada, the Canadian Government has increased the area that may be taken by a homesteader to 320 acres—160 free and 160 to be purchased at \$3.00 per acre. These lands are in the grain-raising area, where mixed farming is also carried on with unqualified success. A railway will shortly be built to Hudson Bay, bringing the world's markets a thousand miles nearer these wheat-fields, where schools and churches are convenient, climate excellent, railways close to all settlements, and local markets good.

"It would take time to assimilate the revelations that a visit to the great empire lying to the North of us unfolded at every turn."—Correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Western Canada in August, 1908.

Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies at low prices and on easy terms. For pamphlets, maps and information as to low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.



DR. MCINTOSH celebrated NATURAL UTERINE SUPPORTER

gives immediate relief. Sold by all surgical instrument dealers and leading druggists in United States & Canada. Catalog & price list sent on application. THE HASTINGS & MCINTOSH TRUSS CO., 912 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of trusses and sole makers of the genuine stamped "MCINTOSH" Supporter.

GUNS

\$3.95 Single Shot Double Shot Sportsmen's Supplies WE SAVE YOU MONEY Catalog for 3c. stamp POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 410 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Railway School

Teaches Freight, Ticket, Express and Telegraphy. Good positions guaranteed to our graduates. Write for catalog. Railway Com'l Training School, 156 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.



For Lame Back

An aching back is instantly relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment.

This liniment takes the place of massage and is better than sticky plasters. It penetrates—without rubbing—through the skin and muscular tissue right to the bone, quickens the blood, relieves congestion, and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Sloan's Liniment

has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.

Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U. S. A. Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.



R. Kuehne

Cameron County's Greatest Store.

EXTRA SPECIAL for Friday and Saturday

\$1.25 Teddy Bears 79c

For two days we will sell 14 inch Teddy bears, with voices, regular price \$1.25 for 79c.

10c Dolls Sun Bonnets 6c Friday & Saturday

For two days we will sell Dolls Sun Bonnets, made of light blue and pink percale, regular price 10c, for 6c each.

75c Lace Veils for 39c Friday and Saturday

For two days we will sell very handsome Lace veils 1 3/4 yd long, black, brown, navy or white, regular price 75c for 39c

Children's Indian Suits

Boy's or Girls Indian Suits with Feather Cap to match Each

\$2.00

Hand Painted Indian Wigwams made of heavy canvas each

\$3.98



R. Kuehne

Emporium's Largest and Finest Store.

Extra Special

Some Bargains in Fine Squirrel Furs

We offer a limited number of fine Squirrel Scarfs and Muffs

Much Less Than Regular Prices

Gray Squirrel Neck Scarf, regular price \$5.98, at	\$3.98
Gray Squirrel Throw Scarf, regular price \$6.00, at	\$4.19
Gray Squirrel Throw Scarf, regular price \$6.75, at	\$4.98
Gray Squirrel Throw Scarf, regular price \$8.50, at	\$6.50
Gray Squirrel Pillow Muffs, regular price \$12.50, at	\$8.98
Gray Squirrel Pillow Muffs, regular price \$10.00, at	\$7.50
Gray Squirrel Pillow Muffs, regular price \$5.00, at	\$5.98

"ALGER'S" and "Henty's" Books for 19c
Boys. Nicely bound

Every TRIMMED HAT in the Store at HALF PRICE.

Emporium Sofa Pillow Tops

A very acceptable Christmas gift to send to out of town friends is one of our Washable Pillow Tops, showing twelve views of Emporium

Price 50c

We call the attention of Buyers for Sunday Schools & Churches

To our large assortment of Toys and Gifts. If quantity is bought we are prepared to make special prices.

Black Taffeta Silk Under Skirts

We offer exceptional good quality, beautifully made Skirts, value \$6.00 at

\$5.00 Each

Don't Delay Your Christmas Shopping. Assortment is now at its Best

Tapestry, Tablecloths and Bagdad Stripe Couch Covers to be sold Less Than Cost this week.

TABLE CLOTHS
Reg. price \$1.50, sale price 98c
Reg. price 2.00, sale price \$1.29
Reg. price 3.50, sale price 2.29

COUCH COVERS.
Reg. price \$1.50, sale price 98c
Reg. price 1.25, sale price 89c
Reg. price 2.00, sale price 1.29
Reg. price 3.50, sale price 2.39

Beautiful Silk Umbrellas Just Received

We offer some excellent values in fine Umbrellas both Ladies and Gents at \$3.98 and \$5.00. The handles are gold and silver plated, inlaid with pearl.

From \$1.00 to \$3.00 we have a large assortment of umbrellas to show.

Silk Stockings

Silk Stockings make an acceptable gift. We have them made of fine black silk at \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Childs' Fur Sets

We have a fine line of children's fur sets, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$10.00.

Manicure Sets

A beautiful assortment of manicure sets in handsome boxes or cases, \$2.00 to \$6.00.

Crepe deChene Scarfs

Magnificent patterns in Silk Scarfs, plain or flowered, entirely new designs, 50c to \$3.00.

Damask Table Cloths

in Sets with Napkins to match. A beautiful Christmas gift \$9.00 to \$10.00.

Single Table Cloths \$2.50 and up. Napkins per doz, \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Kid Gloves

Perrin's famous makes, we know of no better, black and colors, \$1.00 to \$3.50.

Handkerchiefs

Always welcome. We have placed our orders as early as last July to secure the best values and handsome patterns. You must see our assortment, 5c to \$4.00.

Perfumes

Colgates Perfumes and toilet preparations. We have a full assortment.

Men's Traveling and Shaving Sets

in fancy boxes and leather cases. A gift which will surely be appreciated, \$2.60 to \$6.00.

Plaster Paris Busts and Heads

Beautiful designs and colorings at the special low prices of 39c and 75c.

Gentlemen's Neck Wear and Suspenders

in fancy boxes, 25 and 50c.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Knit Sweaters

Unusual values in Ladies Sweaters at \$3.00 each. Men's Sweaters \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Dolls

The children of all nations from 4000 years B. C., to the present day caressed dolls of many forms and shapes. We have them dressed & undressed from the little one at 5c to the one as big as a child at \$5.50. Doll Clothing at 10c per garment.

Child's Sewing Sets

in beautiful boxes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Christmas Tree Ornaments

in new designs, 2 to 10c. Candles 10c per box.

\$5.00 Irish Mail Carts for \$3.98.

Spinning Tops

A pretty novelty is a spinning top made of heavy glass and filled with candy. You eat the candy and you still have the top. 10c each.

Collapsible Go-Carts

We have an all steel frame Collapsible Go-Cart, at the very low price of \$1.25.

We also have some at \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Our 10c Counter

You will find hundreds of novelties on our 10c counter.

Sofa Pillows

Ruffled Silkoline Sofa Pillows, 25c each.

Ladies Petticoats

We have just received a splendid line from one of THE BEST makers in the United States.

Finest quality Heatherbloom Skirts \$3, 3.75

The new "Mocris" Taffeta Skirts - \$2.75

Sateen Skirts, - 79c, 1.00, 1.25 2.00, 2.50

Colored Sateen Skirts - - - 2.50

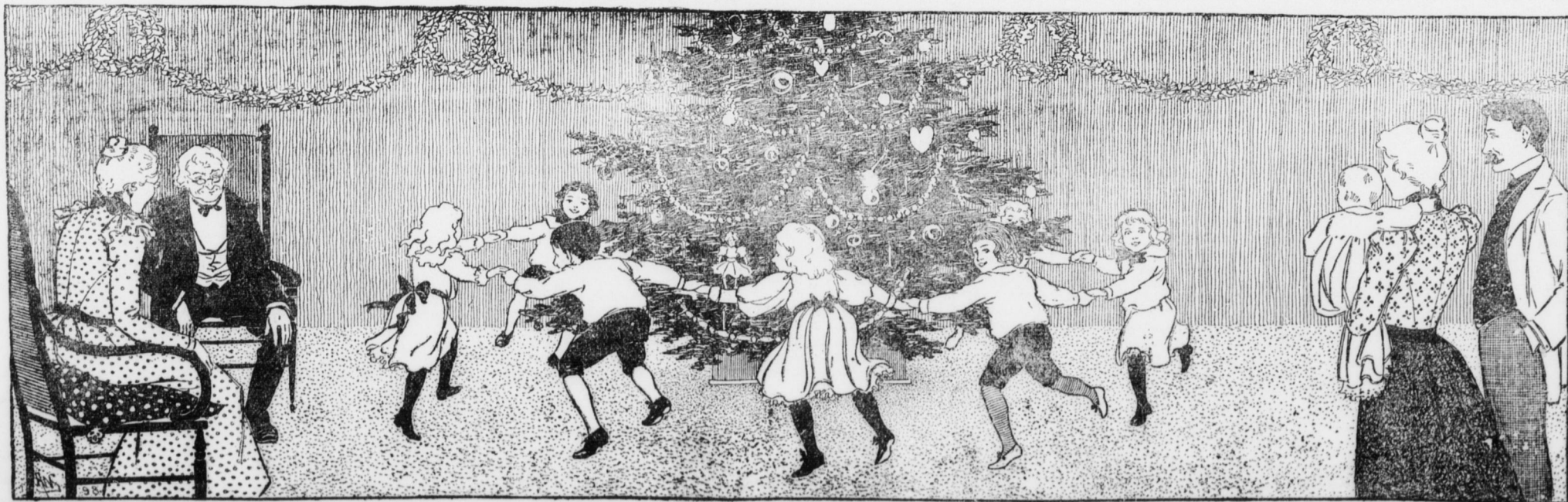
Our Best Advertisement

The best advertisement we have is the kindly recommendation of our customers. One tells the other and we witness every day the power of influence. It is our aim to sell the best quality of Merchandise at the most reasonable Cash Prices. Having no outstanding accounts, no bad debts to collect we are in a position to buy everything for spot cash and sell accordingly. We keep our stock clean, bright and up-to-date. If anything we have does not sell fast enough we mark the price regardless of cost, so as to clear it out at once. That's why we are always ready to buy and show the very latest styles.

Our Toy Department

Bring the children to our splendid Toy Department on the second floor of our building. Best display and assortment in Cameron County.

A GRAND GIFT IS A FINE FUR SET OR STYLISH NEW SUIT OR COAT. WE OFFER EXCELLENT VALUES



SANTA CLAUS' FACTORIES IN TOYLAND

BY CHARLES W. ELWOOD



JUST LIKE REAL AUTOING

JUST come for a trip to Toyland and take a peep at the many delightful presents which Santa Claus prepared for enriching the youthful Christmas. His enchanted castle, brilliantly lighted, is filled with an endless variety of toys; and as the visitor passes through the main avenues in this wonderful world the spectacle becomes more and more entrancing. Numberless fairy-lamps lead the way to where the mechanical and electrical toys are stored; and what an imposing array they make! The place seems full of motor cars, motor omnibuses and motor boats, darting here, there and everywhere, at the bidding of their miniature drivers. The wireless telegraph is busy sending messages, and the Wimsurst machine with its glistler tube is producing the most beautiful colors as though by lightning.

Close at hand are scores of different kinds of steam engines—models of perfection—together with railway carriages, stations, tunnels, signals, and all the rest of it, just like a real railway.

Over there we catch a glimpse of the X-rays, a complete plating machine, and hundreds of electrical toys which are going to be all the rage this season among those who can be favored with costly playthings. Some of the engines come to as much as ten guineas; but the smaller models can be had for a very trifling sum.

An adjoining room wears quite a military aspect, with its thousands of leaden soldiers in full dress, looking very fierce and brave. No doubt they will be pleased to receive marching orders, and show what they can do with their rifles, swords, and real cannon. You can tell they are like real soldiers, because they don't seem to mind a bit being placed in the midst of all sorts of animals, such as elephants, lions, tigers, bears, leopards and monkeys.

The elephants trumpet, the lions and tigers roar, the bears growl, the horses neigh, the donkeys bray, the dogs bark, the cats meow, and all the rest do their full share towards swelling the uproar, but it makes no difference to the soldiers.

A little further on taxicabs dodge in and out of miniature garages, and skillfully steer their way between London county council electric trams. All the drivers are really very clever in Toyland.

little com forts, and, to round off the luxury of it all, a smart motor car stands at the front entrance, awaiting the appearance of my lord and lady.

Was there ever such a show of dolls seen before? They seem to be everywhere, displaying their finery. The undress doll is away on a top shelf, because the popular doll must be in the fashion in the way of dress. The adult doll, with hair done in the latest style, is one of the features of the place. Baby dolls are apt to be tiresome, but the grown-ups are always on their best behavior.

Of course, the universal ambition to soar in the air is represented in Toyland, otherwise the place would be incomplete; tops which fly up to the ceiling, tops which sing in the air, plums, apples, pears, and other fruit dance about most gayly. Swimming men, dancing Scotchmen, snowballs stuffed with small toys, and humpty-dumpty circuses come in view as you wander along; while games galore call aloud for inspection. Toyland certainly never was so full of splendid things for those who can spend dollars and cents.

Take another turn, however, and we come to Tiny Town, where the purchasing power of the penny is best represented. Sets of kitchen utensils, traction engines, gunboats, cruisers, motor omnibuses, railway engines, blacksmiths, sawyers, county council trams, light-houses, dancing ballet girls, dolls' furniture, sewing sets, gold fishes in globes, minus the elaborate mechanism of the more expensive type, but all made to work. Comical figures, magnetic divers, shooting galleries, skin animals, and hundreds of musical contrivances are priced at a few cents.

In the course of a short ramble through Toyland it is impossible for us to see all that is to be seen, but it is clear that Santa Claus has never had such a busy time in making arrangements for his Christmas eve visit.

The season—according to the great toy emporiums whose wonderful stocks are reviewed above—will probably make a record from the business standpoint. Each succeeding year brings a growth in the demand for better class toys; and it is a happy circumstance that the English maker is awakening to the possibility of big business in this direction.

The German snatched the soldier trade from the French, and for years maintained a practical monopoly; but in turn the German has been completely ousted by the Englishman.

In some of the largest toy places in London this Christmas not a single foreign made soldier will be sold. The same success is apparently awaiting English enterprise in regard to dolls' houses.

Germany still holds the field as regards dolls,

but in the course of time even this phase of Toyland may undergo a change. Games bid fair to become extremely popular. Diabolo, or "the devil on two sticks," has already captured Paris, and the demand in London suggests the likelihood of its becoming a great craze there.

At a moment when the toy industry in France is on the wane, the famous caricaturist Caran d'Ache comes to the rescue. Being medically forbidden to follow his art, he turned, as a hobby, to making wooden animals. Unable to repress the humorous strain in his soul, he imparted to his creations a mirth-provoking character which has already made them the rage of Paris; and to judge from the Burlington Arcade they will ere long become quite a craze in London.

From the cheap mechanical toy which impedes our progress through the streets, as displayed on the pavement by the enterprising camelot, to the wonderful creations which the Nain Bleu, that paradise of French children for nearly a century, has provided for the pampered darlings of the wealthy, the predominating element in the French toy of to-day is mechanical ingenuity. Never has this been more noticeable than in the novelties which the manufacturers are preparing for the coming holidays.

The average French maker of toys scorns to offer the little ones such simple things as our childhood knew; and the wooden doll and woolly baa-lamb are to be found only in the poorer districts. Dolls made of wood there are, but the wood is only a casing for wonderful works, and the lamb must be life-size, and able at least to frisk.

Among the more expensive toys, and one which will give the small boy with a gun an opportunity to prove himself a crack shot, is the pigeon shooting device, which is an attractive novelty. Upon a pole about eight feet in height a cross-bar is affixed, much after the fashion of a parrot's perch, except that the cross-piece is mobile, and is made to swing in a circular direction by means of a simple arrangement of weights like those of a cuckoo clock. At each end of the cross-bar is a colored cardboard pigeon, with outspread wings. The machinery is set in motion, and a well-directed shot from a toy gun knocks the bird down.

Miniature automobiles there are in plenty, but the latest thing in the toy motor-car line is run by electricity, and has, if you please, a powerful electric headlight and movable hood. It is doubtful, however, if even so magnificent a plaything as this can have the attraction for the up-to-date youngster which was provided by the little tin "automobile a catastrophe" which was the great novelty of last Christmas, and promises to be popular

again this year. This diminutive car held two doll passengers, the chauffeur and his lady.

You wound it up, and it sped along the floor right merrily for a few yards, when suddenly there was a terrible shock—the catastrophe! The car came to pieces, and the unfortunate occupants were hurled into the air and fell in pitiful heaps beside the machine. Sometimes the realism was so intense that the luckless motorists fell under the shattered machine, and then their fate was too horrible to dwell upon.

You picked up the pieces, and put them together, and revived the doll corpses, and set the car going again, and so on. You could have the most exciting accidents all day long.

But automobiles are vieux jeu now, and even steering balloons of the Santos Dumont type no longer find favor with the toy manufacturers. This Christmas, the Petit Noel—who is the French child's Santa Claus—will scatter toy aeroplanes along his path. To be sure, they have to be suspended by a string from the chandelier, but if the string is a black thread it is hardly visible, and the illusion quite successful.

Apropos of flying things, the top of that denomination which figures among the novelties is a most fascinating affair, though why "top" is not clear. A light metal disc made to represent a bird or a butterfly, with wing-tips upon a ring, is placed upon the floor. What appears to be a wand, finished with a rubber cup, is pressed against the center of the disc and briskly withdrawn. The disc whirls rapidly and rises in the air, flying off in various directions.

Since the French caricaturists' exhibition this spring, when Caran d'Ache's wooden toys created a furore, and all the world of fashion flocked to see the show and admire his "regiment of General Boun," the celebrated artist's toys have become a craze with grown folk and children alike.

The playthings which Caran d'Ache has fashioned in wood for the season of gifts are in the form of groups representing hunting parties in which European rulers are the principal figures. Thus we see his majesty, King Edward, arrayed in kilts, accompanied by a brawny Highlander, shooting over the moors. Wondering pheasants, like barnyard fowl, are grouped at the hunter's feet, and gaze in astonishment at the alert dogs, which point in most thorough fashion. The czar in pursuit of native game, and the president of France at Rambouillet, have also inspired Monsieur d'Ache. While children of all nationalities still cling fondly to Teddy bears, their elders in France are indulging youthful fancies in the purchase of Caran d'Ache's dogs; and many are the Frenchmen's desks which this Jour de l'An will see adorned with one of these delightful pups.

DIGNIFIED IN NAME

HAVE BEEN THE MISTRESSES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

But One Woman Has Had High Honor of Being the Wife of One and the Mother of Another President.

Fame is fleeting enough in the case of men, but when it comes to women the goddess is twice as fickle. Almost any public school pupil more than ten years old can repeat the names of the presidents of the United States, but how many know the presidents' wives? Doubtless 90 per cent. of the adult population is unable to name off-hand more than a half dozen women whose husbands occupied the White House.

Everybody knows Martha Washington was Mrs. Custis when she was married to the Father of His Country, but how many remember her maiden name was Dandridge? There are dozens of families throughout the country which, if heraldry obtain in America, would be entitled to emblazon the nation's shield on their coat-of-arms by reason of having been connected with presidents through their ancestors. They represent the names of Dandridge, Custis, Smith, Wayles, Skelton, Payne, Todd, Kortwright, Johnson, Donelson, Robards, Hoes, Symmes, Christian, Gardiner, Childress, Powers, Carmichael, McIntosh, Appleton, McCordle, Dent, Webb, Rudolph, Herndon, Folsom, Scott, Lord, Dimmick, Saxon, Lee and Carow.

And those are only names of presidents' wives. The mothers of the presidents, beginning with Washington's, originally bore the surnames Ball, Boylston, Randolph, Conway, Jones, Smith, Hutchinson, Hoes, Bassett, Armistead, Knox, Stroller, Millard, Kendricks, Speer, Hanks, McDonough, Simpson, Birchard, Ballou, Stone, Neal, Irwin, Allison and Bullock.

Only one woman had the honor of being both the wife and the mother of presidents. She was Abigail Smith, who was married to John Adams, the second president, and whose son, John Quincy Adams, became the sixth president. Another woman, Elizabeth Basset, was wife and grandmother of presidents. Her husband was William Henry Harrison, ninth occupant of the White House, her grandson, Benjamin Harrison, the twenty-third in line.

That all the presidents have been dignified men from their early years is shown by the Christian names of their helpmeets. Among the wives of the presidents there never has been a Flossie, a Babette, a Tessie, a Kitty, nor even a Gwendolyn, Hortense or Mabel. The only woman whose given name approached frivolity was Dolly Madison, and she no doubt was christened Dorothy or Dorothea, unless a mistake was made at the baptismal font. There were two Marthas and as many Abigailis, Carolines, Marys, Elizas and Julias.

The other presidents' wives have been, respectively, Dolly, Louisa, Rachel, Hannah, Anna, Letitia, Sarah, Margaret, Jane, Lucy, Lucretia, Ellen, Frances, Ida, Alice and Edith. Equally staid were the names of the presidents' mothers. There have been two each of Jane, Eliza, Anna and Nancy; three Marys and four Elizabeths. The other mothers of the presidents divide the names Susanna, Nelly, Abigail, Maria, Sarah, Phoebe, Harriet, Sophia, Malvina and Martha. The wife of the first president and the mother of the latest were named Martha. It is hard to conceive of any of those women being addressed by undignified diminutives.

As to Sneezing.

Why should a person sneeze? Why does almost every one believe that to sneeze is to catch cold? Sneezing is an explosive expulsion of air through the nasal passages and mouth; but what causes it and what are its results? It increases the circulation. It clears the head. When you sneeze always hold your head straight in front. Don't twist it to the left or right. Never sneeze over your shoulder. You are liable to burst a blood vessel.

Some say that sitting in a draft will cause sneezing. In former days it was a very polite custom to take snuff to encourage a sneeze. Men had their bejeweled snuff boxes and carried their handkerchiefs in their cuffs. No doubt a sneeze was originally designed to expel irritating materials from the upper air passages. In the act a powerful expiratory effort is made, the vocal cords are kept shut till the pressure in the chest, has risen high, and air is then suddenly allowed to escape upward, being directed into the back of the nose by the soft palate.

A Boston Touch.

Once upon a time DeWolf Hopper met a Boston person in that town whom he had not seen for a long period of duration.

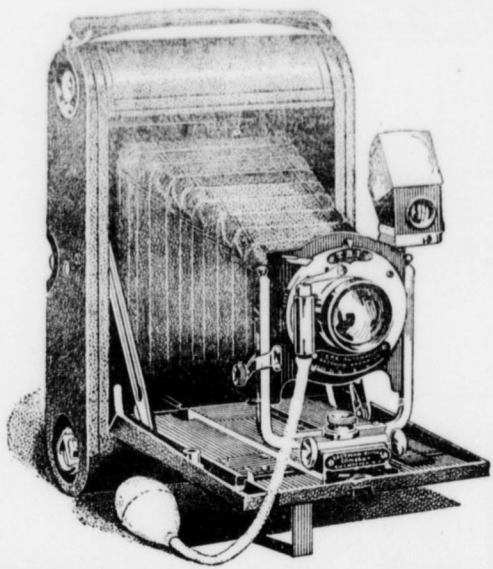
"Hello; how are you? Where have you been?" said Hopper in his hearty way, giving the New York pronunciation to the word "been."

"Please don't say 'bin,' but 'been,'" pleaded the Boston person plaintively. "Sorry, but I can't," pleaded the big fellow. "I never had a bean in my mouth in my life, not even in Boston."—Bohemian Magazine.

Not Open to Hints.

He—Did you see here this shocking account of how a woman committed suicide because she was not a good housekeeper?

She—Oh, don't flatter yourself I am at all susceptible to suggestion.

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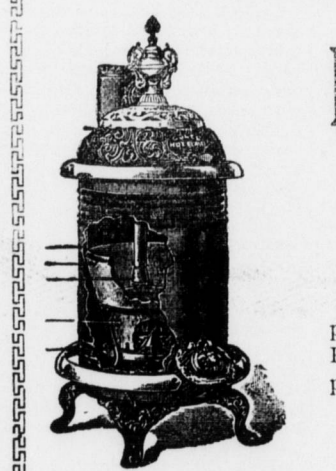
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GOOD HORSEMANSHIP.

An Old Hunter's Illustration of the Gift of "Hands."

Your heart and your head keep up. Your hands and your knees keep down. Your knees keep close to your horse's sides.

And your elbows to your own.

This old bit of advice for the would be horseman is quoted by a writer in Baily's Magazine and declared to be perennially sound.

He quotes another old hunter on the subject of what he calls "the divine gift of hands" in riding. This old hunter, John Darby, used to attach two pieces of twine to the back of an ordinary chair and draw the same tighter until the chair balanced on its fore or hind legs, according to his own position.

Then when balanced he would keep it, so to speak, on the swing by gently manipulating the twine or reins he held in his hand. A rough pull would, of course, have upset the chair one way, whereas the fact of not checking it in its movements at all would have caused a total loss of control over it in the opposite direction.

"And that," when the exhibition was concluded he would add, "is hands, gentlemen."

Jogging to the covert, continues the writer, you may notice one fine horse, the owner fully equipped, throwing its head up and down like a pump handle, another sweating profusely, although the pace has not exceeded five miles an hour since it left the stable, and a third snorting and prancing about all over the place.

Why is this so? Simply because the rider of neither of them is possessed with the divine gift of "hands."

THE BEE'S STING.

An Ugly Weapon Something Like a Three Bladed Sword.

The bee's sting is made up of three separate lances, each with a barbed edge and each capable of being thrust forward independently of the others.

The central and broader lance has a hollow face furnished at each side with a rail or beading, which runs its whole length. On the back of each of the other two lances there is a longitudinal groove, and into these grooves fit the raised headings of the central lance.

Thus the sting is like a sword with three blades—united, but sliding upon one another—the barbed points of which continue to advance alternately into the wound, going ever deeper and deeper of their own malice aforethought after the initial thrust is made. It is a device of war compared to which the explosive bullet is but a clumsy brutality. Yet this is not all.

To make its death dealing powers doubly sure this thorough minded amazon must fill the haft of her triple blade with a subtle poison and so contrive its sliding mechanism that the same impulse which drives the points successively forward drenches the whole weapon with a fatal juice.—From "The Lore of the Honey Bee," by T. C. Edwards.

The Fickle Shopper.

"That woman always keeps me guessing," said the grocery clerk as she went out. "I never can tell till the last minute what she is going to buy. Just now she priced the coffee. I gave her the prices—25 cents, 28, 30, 35, 40."

"Is your twenty-five cent coffee any good?" she asked me.

"Yes," said I; "bang up."

"Then," said she, "give me a pound of your forty cent, ground fine."—New York Press.

Probably Not.

"I hate to be poor. Now, a millionaire can walk right in and order what he wants without bothering about the price."

"He can," stated the weary salesman, "but he seldom does."—Kansas City Journal.

Every Morning.

Paul, at the age of four, was asked one morning by his papa, "What is the name of the first meal of the day?"

"Oatmeal," responded little Paul promptly.—Exchange.

Blunders of the Types.

Ever since the introduction of type-setting errors, weird or comical, have emanated from printers' offices. The mistakes are not always to be shouldered on to the compositor, for bad handwriting must be taken into account. Here are a few instances of actual blunders collected by a proof-reader in the course of his daily work.

"His blushing bride" was transformed into "his blustering bride."

A major was stated to have "started with destruction in the city." The writer thought he used "destruction."

"The Galley I Love" was a misapprehension of a picture entitled "The Galley Slave."

Speaking of theatrical folk, a writer wrote that "nearly all have husbands or wives." The paragraph printed read "hundreds of wives."

"They sailed for three days around the cape and finally slaughtered a small Italian" should have been "sighted a small island."

One more in conclusion. "He takes delight in talking on his family shame" was a shameful thing to say when "favorite theme" was meant.

A Three Legged Bison.

In 1867 Small Eyes, a Blackfoot who had come down from the north and joined the Arapahoes and lived with them, told Black Kettle, a Cheyenne in George Bent's lodge, about having killed, between the Cimarron and Beaver creek, a tributary of the north fork of the Canadian, a buffalo bull which had only one hind leg. According to Small Eyes' story, it did not appear that the bull had lost one of its hind legs, but rather that it never had more than one. The hind leg was very large, seemed to be in the middle of the body instead of at one side, and there was no sign of any missing leg. It looked as if the two hind legs which the buffalo ordinarily has had in some way fused together.

The war party with which Small Eyes was traveling was passing along near a hollow when the bull came up out of it, and some of the men ran ahead, got around it and shot it with a gun. It was not able to run fast, but rather hobbled along.—Forest and Stream.

Saved by a Photograph.

A very remarkable incident occurred at Rio de Janeiro.

A passenger on board one of the large liners took a photograph of the harbor. It included a small yacht which had sailed in the morning with two men in her, but returned in the evening with one only. The survivor said his companion had fallen overboard, but his statement was not believed. He was tried and sentenced to death. The matter had by this time come to the ears of the photographer, who remembered that the picture had been taken on the day of the "crime" (or accident) and that the scene embraced a yacht. On examining the print more carefully he noticed a small speck on the sail and in order to determine what it was had an enlargement made. It proved to be the figure of a man falling. It was shown to the authorities at once, and the condemned man was released.

Dropsical Oysters.

With a sneer the oyster opener pointed to a brownish smear upon a Saddle Rock shell.

"Some fool," said he, "has been trying to fatten up a batch of Saddle Rocks with cornmeal. You might as well try to invigorate flowers with corned beef hash. But it is a common error to believe that cornmeal or oatmeal will fatten oysters. I continually find oysters with their shells stained with those grains. It makes me laugh. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as fattening oysters. All you can do is swell them up with water, precisely the same as water swells a sponge. You put them in fresh water, which, being less dense than the soft they are accustomed to, by the principle of osmosis penetrates and distends their tissues—gives them, as you might say, dropsy. For my part, I don't like fattened oysters."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

For a Bride's Dowry.

There is a very pretty custom in some of the northern parts of Europe. There the white poplar in good soil increases a shilling in value every year. The trees are generally cut down at the age of twenty years, as they are then supposed to have attained their full growth. When a daughter is born in the family of a well to do farmer the father as soon as the season permits plants a thousand young trees, and these are to constitute the dowry of the maiden, "which grow as she grows and increases in height and value as her virtues and beauty increase."

Out to Work.

"What society needs is a clearing house."

"What do you mean?"

"I wish I didn't have to go to the Van Squawks' ball next week. The Van Squawks wish they didn't have to ask me. Why can't we exchange certificates and call the thing even?"—Kansas City Journal.

Why He Dared.

A witness in an Irish court talked so loud that Charles Phillips, who was counsel on the other side, said, "Fellow, why do you bark so furiously?"

"Because," said the man, looking hard at Phillips, "I think I see a thief!"

Retribution.

Tommy-Pop, what is retribution? Tommy's Pop—Retribution, my son, is something that we are sure will eventually overtake other people.—Philadelphia Record.

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in Neckwear, Col-
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DIET AND HEALTH

By DR. J. T. ALLEN
Food Specialist

Author of "Eating for a Purpose," "The New Gospel of Health," Etc.

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WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

If it is true, as many eminent authorities say, that health, happiness, beauty and efficiency depend upon eating more than on anything else, it is worth while to know what to eat.

Henry Ward Beecher said that a man with a poor liver can't be a good Christian. Certainly it is easier to exercise the Christian graces when one is free from biliousness.

When Bishop Fallows says that "You can make a man good or bad according to the way you feed him," he is not denying the importance of the condition of the heart, but emphasizing the importance of the state of the stomach. Daniel prepared himself and his companions for the wonderful ordeals through which they passed by dieting as well as by prayer, and the Master himself by fasting 40 days.

As we watch the amoeba, the typical unicellular organism, which closely resembles a blood cell, under the microscope, we find it changing its form, gradually, continually. It is all stomach, enveloping its food and digesting it as a single organ; and as a single organ it adapts means to ends in securing a meal, "as perfectly," says Cope, the eminent biologist, "as a statesman adapts means to ends in organizing a government."

The body, therefore, is made up of a myriad of cells, each seeking its own nutrition, its primary, fundamental function, yet possessing the power of socialistic, harmonious action, organized as lungs, liver, heart, etc., subject to the influence of the sympathetic nervous system, which binds all the bodily organs together, so that if one suffers all must suffer in sympathy; carrying on the vital processes into which the nutritional function is organized, unceasingly, while life lasts, yet ever amenable to suggestion through the sovereign, conscious will.

Digestion is not a purely physical process, performed independently by a set of digestive organs. The entire organism is engaged in the process, controlled by the sub-conscious mind, subject to the influence of the conscious mind, the sovereign will. And, conversely, the influence of feeding is not confined to the special digestive organs, nor to certain effects which we denominate "physical." The influence of feeding is all-pervading. It is the mainspring of the mental-physical life. In its essence spiritual, it manifests the life through the use of material substance, food. And upon the quality of the food and the degree of expenditure of vitality in the process of nutrition, depends largely the quality of the life, mental, moral and physical. The question: "What Shall We Eat?" becomes in this light doubly important.

The essential substance of which all animal tissue is made, from the amoeba to the brain of man, is albumen. This albumen is found in the food of all animals. The white of egg is almost pure albumen; and in milk, the food of the young of all the mammalia, albumen is a large constituent. Experiments have been made to determine what foods will alone support life, determining that wheat gluten, which is almost pure albumen, supports life indefinitely longer than any other single element. Flesh, of which the lean is principally albumen, will support life indefinitely, as will milk, eggs, nuts, beans, wheat, corn, oats, dates, which contain a large percentage of albumen with other food elements. Milk has been called the perfect food because it contains, in addition to albumen, all the other elements necessary to build brain, muscle and bone; and the same is true of wheat and of some nuts and fruits. The milk of all the mammalia contains the same food elements, differing chiefly in the amount and kind of the albumen. Cow's milk is not a perfect infant's food because it contains a larger percentage of albumen than its natural food and of a somewhat different character. This important subject will be treated in a subsequent article.

Albumen is found in large percentage in all nuts, in beans, peas and entire wheat bread. Peanuts contain about 30 per cent. of albumen, with 50 per cent. fat not inferior to olive oil, and four per cent. mineral.

Recent experiments have shown that the percentage of albumen required for perfect nutrition is much less than was formerly supposed. The growing child requires probably three times as much as the mature man because it must build new tissue besides repairing waste. An insufficient supply of albumen for the child, if long continued, leads to serious results. A case was recently brought to our attention in which an infant had been fed for several weeks on fresh cream, because it was found that the stomach retained that while the entire milk was persistently rejected. At first there was an apparently satisfactory gain in flesh, but this gave place to extreme weakness and wasting. The cream was mixed with a part of the balance of the milk, gradually increas-

ing the amount of albumen and other necessary elements of nutrition, and normal conditions soon returned. And here it may be remarked that excess of fatty tissue is an indication of disease, not of health.

The necessary albumen can be obtained from flesh because it is a necessary constituent of the flesh of all animals, including fish. But flesh contains a small percentage of waste matter of the animal's system. It has been repeatedly shown that flesh foods may communicate disease, despite the inspection; and the human alimentary canal is not as well adapted to the digestion of flesh as is the organism of the carnivora, in which the stomach and liver are relatively much larger and the intestines much shorter than in man. The well-known tests of endurance recently made at Yale university proved that non-flesh eaters had much greater sustaining power. In all the great walking contests in Germany and America the winners have been abstainers from flesh meat.

The best sources of albumen, aside from meat, are nuts, beans, eggs and whole wheat or graham bread.

But the character of the albumen is important. Albumen coagulates at a temperature of 160 F., and is then assimilated with difficulty. It is for this reason, partly, that the egg is found to be more nutritious uncooked than cooked. And it is for this reason, chiefly, that such apparently wonderful results have been obtained from the use of raw cereal foods, despite the indigestibility of raw cereal starch.

Understanding, then, that the essential element of food is albumen, in its natural state, the question arises: What is its best and most economical source? Considering economic conditions, which exclude the pecan, walnut, and other expensive nuts, the answer is: The peanut, which furnishes an abundant supply of easily assimilable albumen together with fat, which vies in nutritive value with olive oil. This, with a small amount of graham bread, gives the ideal protein and fat ration. The state of Texas alone can furnish the staple food of our people. The rapidly increasing consumption of the peanut with the corresponding rise in price should induce the planting of a still larger crop the coming season. The incoming crop is the largest ever produced in this country.

Not less than 80 per cent. of the solid part of our food should be that which supports combustion, maintaining heat and muscular energy. This is taken as fat or oil, starch or sugar. A certain percentage of fat is necessary for the best nutrition. If it be true, as many careful students of diet believe, that nuts and fruits are the most natural food of man, this percentage of fat should be large. Animal fats, even milk fat when separated, are assimilated with difficulty and they, particularly lard, are open to other objections. The consumption of olive oil has increased rapidly during the past few years. It is not generally known that peanut fat, as in the uncooked nut or in peanut butter in which fatty acid has not been developed by excessive dry roasting, is equal, if not superior, in nutritive qualities to olive oil, being assimilated with wonderful facility, as the extreme degree of its solubility in water would indicate.

There are serious objections to cereal starch as the major element of food, which it now is in the dietary of the American people. The potato, especially if baked, is much to be preferred to fine white bread. Rice is far superior to the ordinary cereals as a source of carbon, as the example of the Japanese would indicate.

Sugars are the most easily assimilated of foods (including honey), and fruit sugar should be substituted for a large part of our cereal food, cane sugar being inferior. And the best sources of fruit sugar are the ripe banana (almost unknown in this country), figs, dates and prunes.

Fruits are better eaten separately from other foods. Nuts and meat digest in the stomach, chiefly, requiring about three hours there; fruits digest in about one hour, in the intestine chiefly. There is as much objection to mixing them as there is to eating and drinking at the same moment.

Now without here considering further the requirements of an ideal diet, does it not seem evident that we have already a knowledge of facts that would enable us to make a wonderful gain in good feeling and efficiency by improving the nutritive supply and saving a large part of the vital energy daily wasted in digesting and eliminating improper and unnecessary food, if not for the average person who is slow to realize the benefit to be obtained, at least for the athlete who can quickly demonstrate a gain in efficiency by right diet, for the invalid who needs to conserve his vitality and for the aged whose stock is low (but who has, alas, lost to a great degree the power of adaptation)? Hundreds of invalids who have gradually changed their diet have found new life. Many who have had only the desire for greater efficiency and immunity from disease have made the change. A well-known merchant of Aurora, Ill., for example, who has for nearly a year followed an exclusive diet of juicy fruits in the morning, peanuts with a slice of Graham bread at noon and prunes only in the evening, drinking only water between meals, declares that nothing could tempt him to go back to the old way. He says, and his clerks corroborate the statement, that he is worth three times as much in his business; he can write a better advertisement, a better letter; his mind is clear, his conception brilliant, his judgment prompt, his execution sharp, decisive. He rises two hours earlier than formerly and enjoys his work as never before.

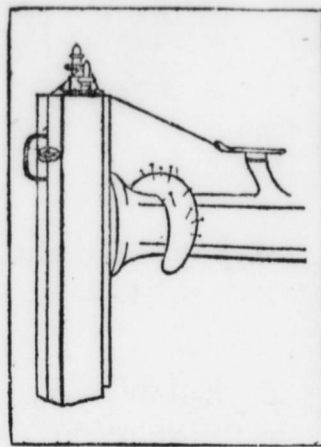
Here, surely, is food for thought.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A USEFUL PINCUSHION.

Fastens on Sewing Machine and is at Hand When Needed.

At first glance the pincushion invented by a Tennessee man does not appear to be a very important addition to the thousands of labor and time saving devices, but second thought



No Need to Stop for Pins.

will show that it has its uses and that they are not so insignificant after all. It is a horseshoe-shaped affair, with a bowed clamping spring arranged inside, and it fastens on the arm of a sewing machine wherever it is needed. The operator can thus have a cushion full of pins right at her hand, where she can get them without stopping the machine or delaying her work for an instant. Only a woman who does a great deal of sewing can appreciate the time and trouble that will be saved by this little device.

CASTS OF FOSSILS.

Nature the First One to Make Reproductions of Animals.

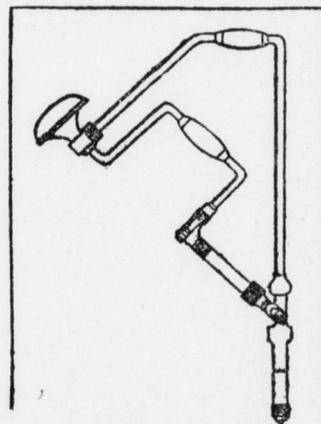
Commenting on Mr. Carnegie's gift of a huge reproduction of his diplodocus skeleton to the museum in Paris, La Nature remarks:

"It would seem that the public do not well understand the interest that attaches to a cast of a large fossil. We have all heard it said: 'Why so much fuss over a reproduction? If it was an original, we could understand!' This way of looking at the matter has in it both truth and error. It is true that from the collector's point of view there is as much difference between a real fossil and a reproduction as between a masterpiece and its best copy. The error lies in the importance that is attached to this difference. Scientifically the study of a cast is exactly as instructive as that of an original. Again, from the point of view of instruction, the interest of a cast is of the first degree—and nothing proves it better than the feeling of stupefaction experienced, even by people well acquainted with paleontology, before this wonderful skeleton—because nothing can take the place of direct and personal sight of things in which we are interested. Finally, we must not forget that in paleontology, what is called an original is after all nothing but a cast made by nature herself slowly in the course of ages."—Translated for the Literary Digest.

BORES HOLES IN CORNERS.

New Bit Brace Enables Users to Get Different Angles.

Carpenters should erect a monument to a man in New York, for he has overcome the difficulty they have encountered for years of boring holes in corners. This man has invented a bit-brace that will bore a hole in any



Handy for Carpenters.

corner and at any angle, and the man who uses it need not be a contortionist, either. The brace has a supporting bar of angular form that holds within it the rotating driver, one end of which engages and turns the socket that holds the bit. The cut describes this tool better than the mechanism can be explained in words, for a layman. The importance of this invention can not be understood by people who have little use for tools, but it means that the corner bugaboo no longer exists for carpenters and that the change from the old methods of working in such places is almost revolutionary.

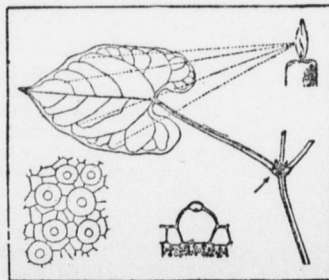
Treating a Carbon Brush.

A soft carbon brush that sparks may sometimes be cured by raising it to a red heat and then plunging into a bath of ordinary lubricating oil.

DO PLANTS SEE?

Investigations of Scientists Seem to Prove They Do.

The answer to this question seems to depend, like so many other questions, on a definition. What degree of sensitivity to light merits the name of vision? If to respond to light-stimulation by appropriate movements is to "see," plants certainly do so; while if nothing short of the formation and apprehension of a definite image of outside objects may be dignified by the name of sight, then the plant world is still blind. The recent discovery of the part played by certain leaf-cells in plants, in concentrating and directing the rays of light, reminds us of the function of the lenses in our own eyes, and the most of this fact has been made of late in the daily press, in articles wise and otherwise, serious and jocose. The sensitiveness of plants to light, and the influence of this on their movements, have of course, been known ever since the sunflower was first seen to turn toward the sun. It may be doubted whether we are any better fitted to-day to answer the question at the head of this article than was the prehistoric witness of this common phenomenon—all would depend with him, as it does with us, on a definition. Says Dr. D. T. McDougal, director of the department of botanical research of the Carnegie Institution, writing on "The Faculties of Plants" in The Scientific American: "Light is, perhaps, the most important factor in the existence of plants, since energy is absorbed directly from its rays and is used in building up complex foods from simple substances obtained from the soil and air. If the plant is to obtain energy from light, the supposition would lie near that it must present its surfaces to the rays in such a manner as to enable it to do this advantageously, for the amount of benefit to be derived from the rays would depend directly upon their intensity, and upon the angle at which they strike the surfaces. With this fact in hand one would at once suspect that the plant might



Leaves and Light.

Leaf-blade Receiving Rays of Light at a Stimulating Angle After the Signal Travels Down the Stalk to the Motor Organs. Epidermal Cells Which Converge the Rays and Are Sensitive to Oblique Rays.

have developed some power of measuring the intensity and direction of the rays.

"Any group of window-plants may be seen bending toward the glass in such a manner as to present the broad upper surfaces of the leaves at right angles to the strongest illumination. The whole shoot appears to be concerned in the reaction, and we must use the blindfolding method to ascertain what parts are sensitive to light.

"If prepared sections of the blades of some of the more delicately reacting plants are placed under the microscope it will be found that the outer walls of the epidermal cells are curved outward, making lenses which converge the rays upon the inner walls, and allowing them to be transmitted to the cells beneath where they play upon the green color-bodies in which the construction of food-material takes place. Imagine one of these epidermal cells to be a room with a convex skylight roof and a glass floor. When the rays come through and fall upon the floor they pass through to the room below, and drive the chlorophyll-mills making sugar and other substances. The lateral walls of the skylighted room are lined with a living layer sensitive to light, and if the leaf or the building is moved so that the rays strike the sensitive layer a signal is sent to a distant shifting mechanism. Slowly, but with unerring precision, this gets in motion and brings the leaf to a position where the rays once more come through the condensing skylight and pass through the floor to the food-making cells below. In accordance with this action the plant moves all of its leaves into fixed positions, in which they receive the daily illumination most advantageously. In certain cases the leaf-blade performs delicately gauged movements by which it receives the rays until they become so intense as to be harmful, and then the surfaces are turned away from the source of the rays. The management of the leaf-screen in either of these cases demands an automatic mechanism capable of detecting very minute variations in the intensity of light, and one which may also accomplish rapid and accurate movements.

The exactness with which the plant can measure intensity of illumination is so great, we are told, that if a small rapidly growing shoot, such as that of a young mustard, is placed in the dark for a few hours and then two standard candles are placed on opposite sides, the leaves will feel the unequal stimulation when one candle is an inch nearer than the other, and the shoot will begin to curve toward it as toward a window. It has been found, Dr. McDougal says, that some plants can appreciate a difference so small as one three-hundred-thousandth of the intensity of a candle at a distance of a yard.

The KITCHEN CABINET

PAT'S SECRET.

AT is a healthy Irishman, Fresh from the sod of Erin; He has no fear of any man, 'Tis only God he's fearin'.

And Pat's a worker—he can do The greatest task with ease; He's cheerful, very generous, Patient and keen to please.

"What is your secret, Pat?" I asked, "No man in any station But envies your content and health." "Me secret?—Moderation!"

"I aches when I am hungry, sor, I drinks when I am dhray; I laves off when I've had enough; And that's the reason why."

"Kennel Maids."

Here, in America, we ask: What is a "kennel maid?" But that is because we are behind the times; we do not know that in England it is considered essential to have one's pet dog, of fancy breed, or just plain dog, perfectly groomed, fed hygienically, and tended with the care we bestow on our infants. And, that this may be all done decently and in order, there are in our mother country "canine specialists," women specially trained for the work.

Of doggie's toilet they make an art, and a prominent woman who calls herself "canine ecologist," earns more money than anybody not familiar with the foreign coins would take the trouble to figure. Suffice it that this is really a legitimate and thriving business, and £150 a year is considered a moderate salary for the educated "kennel maid."

Two Time Savers.

To save trips up and down stairs, have a small table at the head and foot of the steps. All things belonging on either floor can be placed on their respective tables and carried up or down as members of the family happen to be going. It saves mother's strength and steps. And the things will be in their proper place when needed.

Round cookies are the bane of the cook. They take so much time. Try making square cookies. Roll the dough thin and cut it into the squares of any size desired with a thin knife. It saves rolling the dough over and over again, and has the advantage of requiring less space in the cake box.

THE "HOME BAKERY."

IN THE suburbs of a city where I live, one evening, when from work the day is free, Past the station, on my way home, I espy me, A quaint, old-fashioned shop — "Home Bakery."

In the window there's a salad, appetizing, And some pies, they say, "like mother used to make," And I linger there a space; It is surprising, How I love that window, just for old times' sake.

For the smell of baking things comes thro' the doorway, Like incense from my childhood's corner; We may not scorn them—things so plain and simple Made up the whole of life when we were young.

And so I linger by that bakery window; Go in! Not I, for that would break the spell; For me the place is filled with friendly phantoms, No real folk there could please me half so well.

Powdered Milk.

The latest demonstration of the tendency toward the condensed mode of living—the approaching epoch of the vest-pocket dinner—is powdered milk. This preparation is actually on the market, and has already found favor because it solves the problem of "short notice" coffee. If there is no cream in the house, mix a little of the new stuff with cold water, and presto, cream for the emergency! It is recommended for daily use, also. At night, pour boiling water over the powder, let it stand until morning, when cream can be skimmed from it, bringing the country comfort to the breakfast table by the use of the magic powder. Truly, the days of Aladdin's lamp are upon us.

A French Steak.

Place a thick sirloin steak in baking pan, in which a few bits of suet have been browned. Salt, pepper it, and add a few tiny bits of lemon and suet. Cover with a thin layer of sliced onions, and on this pour tomato catsup. Bake about half an hour. The onions should be brown, but the steak rare. Experience will govern this.

Bridget's Beatitudes.

Blessed is the cold water poured into pots and pans. Then set them away from the heat; they should never be put on the stove to soak; this makes them harder to wash.

Blessed are the vegetables housed in the cellar for winter use. Keep pumpkins in the driest part, apples next, and turnips in the damp end away from any heat.

Blessed is the little boiling water added to the omelette to prevent its being tough.

THE "HOMELY" THINGS.

NCE on a time a tortoise of A plodding, slothful habit, Was jeered at, laughed at, taunted by A boastful, bragging, rabbit.

The story then goes on to say How Tortoise stopped that game, And how, though he was slow and calm, He got there, just the same.

'Tis so with womankind—one may Be learned in bookish lore,

Another gets the meals for Pa, Perhaps knows nothing more.

Indeed, your sweet, domestic girl Is oft behind the times; She doesn't take to Isben, Nor fathom Browning's lines.

But when a wife is wanted, Is any one to blame, If the girl who loves the "homely" things, Should get there, just the same?

A Word on Garnishing.

A table neatly garnished is a joy forever, but beware a careless decoration; it is much worse than none.

The parsley should be fresh and green, the lettuce crisp (and well dried), the celery leaves pale yellow and standing upright as if growing on the dish. The greenish, larger leaves are not fit for garnishing. And, too, many a dish has been spoiled because the lemon was sliced too soon, and had a suspiciously dark, disintegrated appearance, or the greens, of whatever kind, were limp and faded, giving a most unappetizing air. Salad, especially, requires careful garnishing or it will, from the mixed nature of the dish, be suggestive of stale left-overs—or worse.

Grape Juice.

Now that grapes are in market, at a moderate price, and the cook is turning them into grape juice, it is well to remember two important facts in connection with fruit juice of all kinds. First, that clear, unfermented fruit juice is one of the best brain and nerve foods—nourishing and stimulating.

Second, that it must, however, be entirely free from fermentation, for it has been proved by chemical analysis that the nourishing elements of the sweet fruits are entirely consumed by the process of fermentation, and that while fermented juices will stimulate, they will not nourish, the body.

Banana Puffs.

Mix together one cupful each of flour and sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder, three eggs, well beaten, and a quarter cup milk. Into this batter stir three sliced bananas. Half fill custard cups and steam an hour. Serve with lemon sauce.

THE STUDENT-WAITER.

HEY say Johnny B—'s gone to college, And they tell me he's working his way, Doing all sorts of jobs for the fellows— For his brains they are willing to pay.

He does writing, runs errands, and even Helps to coach fellow-students less able. And three times a day earns his living By waiting on others at table.

But John keeps his dignity ever; A gentleman—none can forget it, And if any one tries to "get funny," John calmly will make him regret it.

When once an impertinent Freshman Stopped John as he carried some plates—

"Say, are you the waiter who studies?" "No," said John, "I'm the student who waits."

Macaroni a l'Italiane.

Boil macaroni until tender in water to which has been added an onion stuck with three or four cloves, and a tablespoon of butter, with salt to taste. Drain and blanch by pouring over it cold water. Reheat, and cover with sauce made of tomatoes (one-half can), cooked with a teaspoon of sugar, a dash of herb and salt. Mix in a half cup of mild, grated cheese, and pour over all a cupful of good brown stock. Bring to the boiling point and serve hot.

The French dressing, too, the mixture of olive oil and vinegar, is rather new to this country, and old-fashioned folks are yet shocked at our reckless use of oil in salads and cooking.

"Matrimony."

This is a West Indian dish, and takes its name from the fact that it is "a perfect combination," as the people there naively say.

Grape fruit is sweetened and prepared with a dash of lime-juice; it is then (having been first cut in halves), piled high with neechberries—a fruit which has a simple substitute in pears—tasting very like them. Add sliced bananas to the whole, and you have what the people of Jamaica call the "perfect combination." The cynic who thinks he would not care for the mixture, may still not object to the name, and the disagreeable man has even been known to think the title very apt.

Olivia Barton Christman

A ROUND ROBIN OF A CHRISTMAS

A STORY OF THE HAPPY BLENDING OF CHRISTMAS EFFORTS

BY
HARRIETT PRESCOTT
SPOFFORD.



THE LITTLE MOTHER,
LOOKED OUT BEWILDERED.

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)



HE little mother, as her husband called her, sat in the porch where the vine leaves fluttered down, while her husband gathered the over-ripe grapes from the trellis.

She was old now, but still fair with beauty of the spirit blossomed out on the pale face whose smile was sweet as ever. Her husband, tall and thin and brown, glanced at her now and then as if he still saw the loveliness she wore when he brought her home, his wife. And as she looked up at him he was still the stalwart youth, the touch of whose strong hand once made her heart beat so madly. Their children were all gone; some to the further life, some returning for a holiday.

"To think," she said, "that the day you fetched me here I could sit in the door and see the river loopin' along all blue an' silver, and the low hills beyond, with their black pine woods an' the sunshine falling through, and all the wide m'ash an' the haystacks, an' the colors changin' on 'em. It seemed to me—I do no' what it seemed to me! Oh, heaven can't be no more beautiful than that was, lookin' down this side the knoll. There's a big bunch 'most beyond your hand, jes' droppin' 'ith juice—"

"And one day you cut down the big elms at the back there—"

"Hated to. A tree allus seems to me to have a life of its own, 'most as much as a man has. I don't feel no assurance I ain't settin' a sperrit free. But there, you know. Anyway it cleared a sightly spot for you on 't'her side."

"I don't care. I wisht that swamp could be struck by lightning fust!" "Lightnin' never struck a hull ten-acre lot onst."

"It might set fire to it."

"An' burn up somebody's wood lot! Why, Huld, I'm 'shamed on ye!"

"You orter be, I'm 'shamed on myself. But I feel jes' so. We ain't got many years to live, as you say; and I'd like to see that likeness of the promised land an' hev Laury see it. I do 'no' as Asa'd care so much. Laury likes it open all about her. She'd stay here more. She'd hev her colored chalks out in no time. Them paintin' people down in Peeble's pastur'd may be give her some hints. An' you know the minister said Laury hed a real gift for drorin'." But there, she won't be here tell Christmas time. Sakes alive, father, what a Christmas it'd be 'ith that swamp burned up—"

"Well, well, wife, as long as we've got each other, an' the children, here and in heaven, and enough to keep the wolf from the door—"

"I know. And I'm silly. An' the dear Lord knows I ain't makin' no fuss. I'm jes' sayin' what I'd like. I did useter love that sight—an' the Lord made it. My, I guess he loved beautiful thin's, tew. I set by it. I'm happy as thin's are; but I'd be happier if that was thrown in."

"Like a chromo down to the store w'en you're tradin' your butter. Wal, it's time I give Brindle her supper, an' she give me mine. I hope the day'll be long o' comin' w'en I can't milk my cow an' take her sweet breath all made o' clover blows. There—I guess the birds may have all I've left. There's a bunch on top for luck. Yes, there they be, comin' after it now. You can't make fell 'ith them grapes, they're too ripe, little mother."

"They'll make sweetmeat, all right."

"An' the nothin' nicer'n your grape sweetmeat 'ith my meat. But, Lor' sakes, I guess you'd cook sawdust o' it would be tasty. I'm glad we've got suthin' to cook with—not like them city folks, dependin' on coal an' none to depend on. That's a noble wood-pile we've got. There's nothin' like bein' forehanded. Come, it's gittin' dampish, an' you'd better be thinkin' o' your rheumatics. Ef they'd drain that swamp you wouldn't be havin'

rheumatics. I lay most of our ills to the damps that rises 'um there. I'd sell the place an' git away to-morrow ef there was any one to buy."

"No, no, I wouldn't have you. You've got a silly old wife, moonin' over something she's lost sight of," and she went in with him to put on the teakettle. He carried the basket of grapes on one arm, but he put the other arm about her to help her a little. "An' w'en we say grace, Huld, we'll thank the Lord we even hed the picter, and hev it still to remember," he said.

In the doorway of the little red house on a lower terrace of the knoll two other persons were talking, as it chanced, upon the same theme. The curve of the hill hid all but a gable of the little red house in Peeble's pasture from the eyes of the old people above, and the forest of the swamp hid from it, also, the view of plain and river and hill that had so fed the poetry in the soul of the little mother.

"Well," said Luzanne, looking over her husband's shoulder, before the closed easel and color box, "it's great, this coming into the country to paint and photograph winter scenes and finding yourself shut off from the most glorious landscape you can imagine!"

"Shut off?" inquired her husband. "Oh, you're content with the day of small things, Eugene! I was till I saw what lies on the other side of that great wet wood down there."

"What is it? Morning and Greek temples? Sunshine and a rolling sea? The purple of the hills?"

"Titles for pictures? No; pictures themselves. Just the vale of Avoca, the vale of Cashmere, the valley of Avilion, a fragment of Eden. Something idyllic and perfect. I was on the edge of the wood and got in—it was so alluring—deeper and deeper, till there I was scared to death of the morass—"

"Poor child."

"But it wasn't so wet, after all—it's been so dry—though there were spots just steaming where the sun broke through. But I skirted them and made for the light, and the trees grew thinner, and suddenly I was at the end, and there, below and beyond, lay the very outskirts of Paradise. Yes, indeed, a view that would make our everlasting fortunes and give us satisfaction in our souls if we could put even bits of it on canvas. Why, I should feel I'd been chosen for sanctification if I were only allowed to do it. You must come down with me and see for yourself, Eugene. I never shall be content to go on painting old Purple behind us there, now I've seen this. And fancy, if that swampy wood were out of the way, we could sit here all winter and sketch, and feel an uplift in every brushful of paint, and every one of the pictures would be hung on the line next spring. Isn't it hard to be shut out of Paradise by a bit of words? It's as bad as a flaming sword."

"I'm not shut out of Paradise," said her husband, looking at her with the red on her cheeks, the spark in her eyes, her whole face full of the spirit of life.

"Oh, I know, it's all delightful, our being together here by ourselves. It is Paradise, of course. But that view out there would justify it, and it's vexatious to have to go afield for what we might have from our own door. And it's too far, in the winter weather, every day. There's a long interval of champagne country from tender green to dark, with warm russes, and a blush of red sapphire, threaded with creeks that are neither blue nor green, but the green of the grass and the blue of the sky and the gold of the sun; and in the middle distance a river skims along, the blue stooping into it, and beyond are hills clothed with level layers of pine forest, and you look straight into their depths as if you penetrated mysteries, and over all is a bountiful, enormous sky, blue as blue, and carrying here and there a mare's tail of a snowy cloud. And gulls—you ought to see the 10,000 gulls swooping round the river! Oh, it's no 'ise staying here with that to tantalize us, the breadth, the largeness, the freedom—and only old purple hills to console us. One picture of old Purple and there's an end. But this—why, you could paint all winter and not exhaust it. Think of it, with the blue shadows of the snow, with sunsets like fires on a great hearth, in a dark blue midnight, while the stars shake in the wind! If we could wake up some morning and find it gone!"

"The days of miracles are gone."

"Oh, my, it makes me cross!"

"I wouldn't be cross, sweet purveyer of motifs. I'd come in and make my husband a cup of tea, and then dress for dinner in my gown with the sea gray chiffons and make believe pearls, and I'd play I was a Venetian lady supping with old Tizian—"

"Nothing, if not modest. I believe you'd be satisfied to paint old Purple forever!"

"With my wife looking over my shoulder; yes."



"BUT IT WASN'T SO WET AFTER ALL."

"For my part, I shan't be happy again till I forget that scene, with its blues and greens and vapors and sunbeams. We can't get down there to sketch in the winter months."

"But we can find a great deal in old Purple. Come; it's a damp breath blows over from that swamp. A good frost will make that right, however. Come in and shut the door. I like to feel the door shut you and me in from the rest of the world."

If there is no such thing as telepathy there certainly ought to be, in order to explain some things. It was in this same half hour that the Champion family down in the Port came in, one by one, shivering and shrugging their shoulders, and brightening at sight of the big fire their mother had had laid on the hearth of the library, its flames making the whole room rosy.

"Nothing beats fire," said Rose Champion, pulling off her gloves and holding out her little hands, sparkling with rings.

"Dante's conception of the deepest hell as a big block of ice just suits mine," said Katherine.

"One might as well starve as perish with cold," said Rose.

"The English call perishing with cold starving."

"I was thinking of the poor people who can't get coal."

"I myself believe the world will come to an end with cold," said Sophy, "and not with fire. The sun will cool, and the earth will freeze. Minus 270."

"Well, that's a good way off, I hope," said their father, coming in. "Mighty unseasonable weather," as they ran and warmed him with their welcome.

"The first fire of autumn," he said, rubbing his hands and taking possession of his chair. "It always has a promise of cheer. Where'd you get this wood, my love? It snaps like apple wood."

"It is; it's the old apple tree that came ashore at the foot of the garden in the freshet," said Mrs. Champion.

"Lucky flotsam. I wish there'd be a freshet that would bring an old apple tree to every family in town."

"I guess you'll be that freshet, pa," said Sophy.

"I'm sure I don't know what some of them are going to do," said his wife, pulling up her shawl in sympathy with her thoughts, "with no money to buy coal at present prices, and no coal to be bought at any price."

"Thank goodness, we filled our bins in April. But it looks now as if we

would have to go shares with some that didn't."

"Why, how can we? We'd freeze ourselves."

"I don't know; but some way must be provided. In this interior place people would perish before we could get the coal from abroad or from Nova Scotia."

"I suppose they'll be glad even of wood," said Mrs. Champion. "It's dreadful for them—and Christmas coming."

"Poor sort of Christmas for them."

"Dreadful," echoed Katherine.

"I wish there were something we could do—"

"Do! To supply a whole township with heat?"

"We might cut down the oaks on the avenue."

"Those magnificent oaks! I guess not!" said Rob, looking up from his book. "Why, it would ruin the whole place! Don't you let them, father!"

"I've no idea of it. Those oaks are as old as oaks can be and live. They are full of history. No, indeed."

"And you would rather people should freeze!" cried Rose.

"Give them your rings to buy fuel, Rose," said her father.

"My engagement ring! And the ring was Donald's mother's—and she dead!"

"I value these pines similarly. They were my father's; and he is dead."

"What can we do, pa, dear?"

"I don't know. Unless you take the money you would have at Christmas and do what you please with that. Fifty dollars apiece is what you've always had. And I'll double it. That's the best I can do."

"Oh!" said Sophy, softly. "And there are so many things I want to do with mine."

"I, too," said Bob.

"Oh, I'd counted so much on that fifty," said Rose.

"Well, you can take your choice," said their father. "I've taken mine. I shall go without a new overcoat, and your mother'll have to make her old sealskin do."

"I'm sure I shall be glad," said the mother.

"But you can't get coal. And it would buy so little wood, after all."

"Because you can't stop some of the suffering in the world is no reason you shouldn't stop any," said Katherine. "I don't care! It's wicked to be having Christmas presents and all that when people are dying of cold."

And it would keep four or five families warm all winter."

"Four or five?" said her father. "With economy, half again as many."

"Done, then!" exclaimed Katherine. "And I see the gold chain and baroque pearl I was to have going up in smoke."

"And my set of Pater," ruefully.

"And my amethyst heart."

"A real holocaust," said their father.

"Father," said Bob, "I've an idea worth two of that. You know that piece of swamp land of yours up country, on the old Peebles farm? There's enough wood in that for 50 families—black birch, gray birch, yellow birch, brown ash—I don't know what—and—all—"

"But, Bob, that's a splendid piece of forest. I should hate to cut it down."

"Even to keep 50 families, or maybe 100, from distress? The girls' money will pay for cutting and hauling and kilndrying and distributing, and it can all be done before Christmas—and there you are!"

"Bob," said Mr. Champion, "you're a genius! There we are!"

"There we are!" said the girls in one brave breath. "It will be a good Christmas present for them, won't it, pa?"

"It makes me all of a glow now to think of it!" said Rose. "I wonder what Donald will say. Fifty or 100 families made comfortable by going without some trinkets—though I did want that English edition of 'Pater.' Why, we don't know 100 poor families."

"The General Charitable does. When shall we begin, father? I'll oversee it for you," said Rob.

"To-morrow morning, early," said his father. "There won't be an hour to spare if you want that wood delivered by or before Christmas. I'll have drains put in as we go along and get a good piece of grass land out of it. Well, I shall sleep better to-night."

If the people on the knoll had listened that next day and many a day thereafter, they might have heard, or thought they heard, a sound of chopping in the swamp woods, faint, far off, muffled in the rustling of falling leaves and the crashing of branches. But the painting people were busy with Old Purple at the back of the little red house, and little mother was getting her mince meat ready for Christmas, and what with stoning raisins and slicing citron and sifting spices and boiling down cider, she was too much occupied to think of anything but her work and of Asa's and Laury's home-coming.

"It seems to me the woodpeckers are dreftful busy down in the swamp," she said once.

"Probably the trees hev borers," said her husband.

"Why, that's too bad," she said with her quick habit of kindness, and went on about her work.

She had just put her mince meat into its stone crock to mellow, when a sudden access of her rheumatism sent her to bed with jugs of hot water at her feet and opodeldoc fannels all over her, and copious draughts of composition powder, her eyes following her husband through the open door in fright and dismay at his attempts to do her work, till the painting lady, as they called her, happened up the hill, and, stranger though she was, her self took hold and put things into shape and cooked enough to last till Laury should come, having written to Laury to make haste. "I wouldn't send for her," she said, "but we have to go and arrange our exhibition, and all our things. But I shan't go till Laury comes. We're coming back to have our first Christmas together here but we must go as soon as we can."

"You're real good," sighed the little woman. "I'm more obliged to you'n I can say. I hate to see him stewing about like a kitchen-colonel. But, oh, I did want to be around when Laury come. I be a little better." She took the painting lady's hand and raised it to her lips. "Oh, you mustn't!" the lady cried; and she bent down and kissed the withered cheek.

"The Lord'll reward you for the good you've done, an' the cheer you've give," said the little mother. "Ef he don't in no other way, he's done a mighty lot for you in makin' you jes' you."

And so it came to pass that two or three weeks later the stage set down the painting people one night at a point on the highway a few rods from the little red house in Peeble's pasture, and they picked their way along through the dark in some concern over a bright light shining from the windows. "I sensed you'd be comin' about this time," said Laury, opening the door. "And I t'ought 'twould be kinder lonesomelike for you in the dark an' cold, and I come down an' lighted the fires an' got you some supper, an' some of mother's mince pies. And I've had a real good time lookin' at the thin's you've hung up. They've learned me lots. Mother's a



"OH EUGENE THE MIRACLE HAS HAPPENED"

sight better. She's been settin' up wrapt in a comforter by the kitchen stove. I ain't let her go to the winder yet; it's so draughty. An' then I'm keepin' the winder for Christmas. I'm goin' to push her chair over there to-morrow mornin', Christmas mornin', you know. The Lord's got a surprise for her there. He's got suthin' for her she's longed for ever since Bates was hung—the grandest Christmas present ever you see. I hope the sun'll be out. It's ben rainin' stiddy the whole endurin' week. January thaw's lost count an' come ahead o' time, I guess; an' there ain't a speck o' snow in the valley. I wouldn't wonder but you'll find your share in mother's Christmas, tew."

"What in the world are you talking about?" asked the painting lady.

"Come up an' tell her if you do," said Laury, and snatched up her shawl and ran away laughing.

The sun was streaming into the room before the painting people, tired with their journey and their work, awoke. It was at the same moment that every team to be had down at the Port was delivering great loads of wood at 50 gates, with the best Christmas wishes of the Champion family. It was only partially dry, to be sure, but there was enough pine-tree kindling to insure a royal blaze and every burning armful would dry another armful.

"Luzanne!" cried her husband, rubbing his sleepy eyes; "what in the name of mercy are you doing?" For she was kneeling at the window with both hands clasped, her hair falling about her, her face shining with ecstasy.

"Come and see!" she cried. "Oh, Eugene, the miracle has happened! Oh, can't you buy the place? Come, come and see! The swamp is gone, all gone! What am I doing? I am looking into heaven!"

For there, all the soft rusts and russets veiled and glowing under a translucence of violet vapors smitten with the sun, lay the long intervals, the river sparkling through it curve after curve alive with light; beyond it the pine-clad hills, their black-green depths casting purple gleams across them, and a great pale heaven, still with a flush of rosy sunrise in it, soaring overhead.

It was at the same instant that Laury, having helped her mother, rolled in blankets, into her chair, had, with Asa's and her father's help, pushed it to the window and pulled up the white shade. The little mother looked out bewildered. "No snow?" she said. Then she looked back at her husband, at the others, and looked out again. "Have I died?" she whispered, hoarsely.

"Oh, mother, mother, don't you see what's happened?" cried Laury. "Father's kep' it for a surprise. It's the dear Lord's Christmas gift to you!"

"Oh!" she said, clasping her little thin hands. "It gives me youth again. It's what I had, so long ago, with health and stren'th an' love. Oh, father dear, I think heaven'll look jes' so! You don't suppose it's a dream, a vision—that it won't last?"

"Last?" said her husband. "They've dreened the swamp and are goin' to lay it down to grass. An' there'll be no more damps rising to make rheumatics. An' you'll see it every day of your life as long as we live, little mother."

"It's too good, it's too good," she said. "I must be goin' to die. I've heern tell o' folks dreamin' dreams an' seein' visions w'en they was goin' to die. Well, well, I don't deserve it, but what a Christmas mornin'! You and the two children here an' the delectable country there. Oh, it's beautiful! It makes the world seem a fit place for Christ to have been born in. I hope the Lord knows how thankful I be." And all day long they heard her singing softly to herself part of an old communion anthem, "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good."

Kodol for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, sick stomach, sour stomach, gas on the stomach, etc., is guaranteed to give prompt relief from any form of stomach trouble. It will cure your dyspepsia. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is a perfectly reliable medicine for bowel complaints, and one that has never been known to fail even in the most severe and dangerous cases. For sale by L. Taggart.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

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When you have pains or lameness in the back bathe the parts with Chamberlain's liniment twice a day, massaging with the palm of the hand for five minutes at each application. Then dampen a piece of flannel slightly with this liniment and put on over the seat of pain, and you may be surprised to see how quickly the lameness disappears. For sale by L. Taggart.

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The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in

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The First National Bank of Emporium, will open on January 4th, 1909, a Savings Department, paying interest at the rate of 3 per cent. Interest begins on the first of the month following date of deposit; but when a deposit is made during the first five days of any month interest begins at the first of that same month. We will credit and compound interest twice a year March first and Sept. first.

After January 4th, we can receive your deposit for any sum from \$1.00 and upwards. A passbook will be given you when you make the first deposit; you then have a bank account which draws interest. You can add to this account at your pleasure.

If you would be most successful, you should make your money work too. For further particulars you are invited to call or write.

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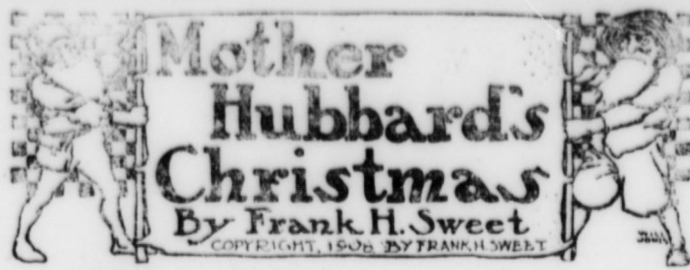
This country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Nine-tenths of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy if famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale by L. Taggart.

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Four new flats for rent. All conveniences. 34-tf.

R. SEGER.



ONE Christmas time when old Mother Hubbard—
She of the far famed empty cupboard—
Sat by her evening fire alone,
Wishing she had for her dog a bone,
There came a knocking upon the door,
And as she hastened across the floor
It flew wide open, to her surprise,
And, oh, the vision that met her eyes!
It nearly took away her breath
And frightened her almost half to death.

There were people here; there were people there;
There were people yonder and everywhere.
All were screaming, "Dear Mrs. Hubbard,
We've brought you something to fill your cupboard!"

First came lovely Cinderella,
With her prince, a handsome fellow;
Mother Goose and Simple Simon;
In their wake the Penny Pieman;

Bluebeard, savage and defiant;
Jack, who often killed a giant;
Puss in Boots, so trim and nice,
Followed by the three blind mice;

Then the little naughty kittens,
All in pretty scarlet mittens;
Sweet Bopeep and Little Boy Blue,
Red Riding Hood and the bad wolf, too;

Jack, whose bean stalk ran so high,
And the old woman who swept the sky;

Jack Horner, with his face aglow;
The frog who did a-wooing go;

Dame Trot and all the endless crew
That lived together in a shoe,
And many another known to fame
Had I but room to give his name.

This much to tell you will suffice—
They each and all brought something nice
To fill the cupboard o'er and o'er.
In fact, their gifts bestrewn the floor.
On every chair and table stood
Some article of daily food.

Each nook and corner held a dish
Of either fowl or flesh or fish
Till Mother Hubbard scarce could find
A resting place for foot or mind,
While doggie walked on his hind legs
For fear of breaking pies or eggs.
And, as for all the company,
They had to stand outside, you see.

Yet, as they had to leave quite soon
To see the cow jump o'er the moon,
It did not matter in the least.
But what about the sumptuous feast
Inside the cottage? Must I tell
The fearful ending that befell
The hungry dog who ate and ate
And brought about the cruel fate
It is my duty to relate?
For he, who lived upon a bone,
Died when with plenty left alone,
And ere the morning stars grew dim
He stiffened out in every limb.
So Mother Hubbard buried him.

This moral to the tale I give—
Live not to eat, but eat to live.



BRILLIANT SPARKLING CLEAR

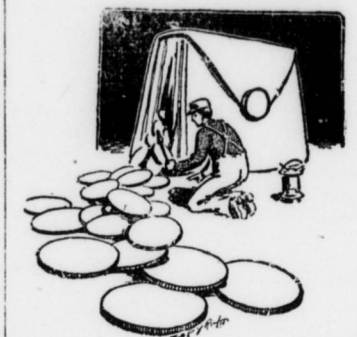
No smoke, no soot, no flicker.
No "frosted" chimneys, no charred wicks.
Burns out clean with a big, round, steady, white flame to the last drop without readjusting wick.

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Best light for the eyes.
Does away with every lamp trouble. Costs no more than inferior lamp wagon oil.
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We are prepared to furnish the citizens of Emporium this popular Water, either PLAIN OR CARBONATED, in bottles. Drop a postal card—we will do the rest. The analysis of the celebrated Sizerville Water has made it famous all over the country.

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THE Christmas Store

OUR great stocks of Holiday Goods are now complete now in complete assortment. We wish to impress our customers with the advantages of shopping early—it is only so doing that the full measure of the Christmas spirit can be enjoyed.

The individual preferences of those to be remembered can be considered.

The delays and annoyances of the last days can be avoided.

Selections from complete stocks may now be had—and the values are better.

SHOP EARLY

Everything for Women
Many Things for Men

Toys, Dolls and Games
for the Children. The biggest stocks in Buffalo.

We Refund Your Fare
in connection with the Chamber of Commerce.

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American Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. M. F. Conway

Has removed from Broad Street and is now located on Fourth Street, opposite the Odd Fellows Block, where she will continue to serve her customers with

Home-made Bread Cookies and any thing in the Baking line made to Order.

Mrs. M. F. Conway,

A Few Timely Suggestions

At this season of the year nearly every mind is occupied with the same thought. What will I give for Christmas? Practical gifts are most acceptable. Gifts of real worth and inexpensive ones too can be chosen from the large stock of the People's Clothing House with assurance that every one is correct.

Suits and Overcoats Gifts for Men & Boys

A splendid assortment from which to make your selection. Every right weave, color and model is represented and prices that mean big savings.

Christmas Shoes

No finer gift or better selection than here. In Patten Leather, Gun Metal Tan and Ox Blood.

Fine Shirts

Big showing of pleated and plain shirts ranging between 50c and \$2.00.

Bath Robes

Men's heavy German blanket bath robes cut full and long. Splendid assortment of patterns.

Smoking Jackets

New Scotch Plaids double faced goods. Colors of Green, Wine, Smoke and Brown. Wide collar a prevalent style. As finely tailored as your dress garment. All sizes 34 to 42.

Among Other Things

Suspenders, Coat Sweaters, Suit Cases, Collars and Cuffs, Umbrellas, Handkerchiefs, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Fancy Vests, Gloves, Cuff Links; Fobs Scarf Pins, Hosiery, Neckwear. All ideal gifts.

Pressins and Regairing Done Here.

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Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.

A SWEEPING REDUCTION

In Ladies, Misses and Children's Coats must now go at a Sweeping Reduction.

We will now cut the price from 33 to 50 per cent. based on our reasonable prices. This knocks the bottom from all my competitors.

We have a Great Line of Furs that must go

Come in here first and we will show you beauty, comfort and style, at prices you can't duplicate. This advertisement is no fake. We will do as we say.

Four Doors East of Post Office.
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END OF THE SEASON SALE

Commencing Friday, December 11 and Continuing for Eight Days

We will Sell for CASH our Entire Stock of Millinery
and Notions, Etc.

Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11th and 12th
Trimmed Hat Days

On these days we will have one dozen new TRIMMED HATS to show and during this Sale will sell our complete Hat stock at 25 to 50 per cent. discount.

MONDAY, DEC. 14---Fancy Feathers and Wing Day. On this day we will put on sale our entire stock of Faucy Feathers and Wings at ONE HALF regular Price

TUESDAY, DEC. 15. Plume Day.

We have some exceptionally good values to offer in Black, White, Green, Brown, Grey and Red Plumes at 25 per cent. discount.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16, Untrimmed Hat Day

On this day we will display a good assortment of dress shapes in all the seasonable colors.

THURSDAY, Dec. 17, Ribbon Day,

This is a Strong Point. We carry nothing but the best in Ribbons. All shads and widths, Plaids and Fancy. Prices from 2c to 75c a yard.

FRIDAY, Dec. 18, White Goods Day.

All yard goods such as Persian Lawns, Striped and Bared Dimities, Linens French



Lawn, Nainsock and Pique, at 10 per cent. discount. Wide Embroidery Flouncing at 25 per cent. discount.

SAT. Dec. 19, Corset and Hosiery Day.

We carry the La France Corset, and on this day will sell the \$3.00 Princess Model for \$2.00, and the \$1.50 Princess Model for \$1.00. The \$3.75 Directoire Model at \$2.50.

Fleece Lined Hose
at 19c a pair

A line of Fancy
Hosiery for Xmas
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The Goods offered during this sale are all this seasons. Everything new

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Hiding the Christmas Gifts

By J. M. WALCH



UH! looks something like snow, at that," said the man awaiting his turn at the barber shop, going to the door and looking out. "Beats the dickens what a short time there is between Fourth of July and Christmas, these years. I can remember the time when there was a stretch of about 14 years between the Fourth of July and Christmas, can't you, fellows? Why, Christmas'll be clomping along before we know it. Right now the time is drawing pretty close when a fellow will have to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawers when his wife is in the room if he doesn't want to be scared into a con-
 nption when she notices what he's doing. Y'see, this is just about the beginning of the season when wives start to hiding the Christmas presents they've bought for their husbands. Funny gag, that, too."

"Then there's another thing about this Christmas present hiding business. Most men stick it out that women are the curious, inquisitive sex, don't they? Well, I don't believe it. In my opinion men are a whole heap more curious and inquisitive than women. Fact is, I know it."

"For instance, a husband, 'long about this season that's approaching, is groping around for a fresh shirt upon getting up in the morning. He yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau. Well, on this morning he pulls out the bottom bureau drawer, say, and his wife, who is fixing her hair at the chiffonier in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, lets out her little squawk, and races over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut."

"So it's there, hey?" he says to her. "Scuse me for living," and then the multhead goes on grinning like a chimpanzee while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to her.

"Watchoo got in there, anyway?" he asks her.

"She tells him, with a grimace, and very properly, that it's none of his business. And she adds something about folks that 'rubber.'"

"But, say, g'wan and tell me what-choo got in there, won't you?" he tries again, wheedlingly.

"Whereupon his wife makes mention of that feline that met an untimely end through curiosity."

"That's all right about the cat," says the husband then, "but I'll bet you a new rubber plant that it's cigars that you've got in there." And then he begins to look a bit alarmed. "Say, I hope not, though. I'm thinking about swearing off smoking soon now, anyhow."

"But this hint of his about the cigars doesn't get the least bit of a rise out of her. Not much. Nothing whatever doing in the conversational line on her part."

"Oh, I'm a pinhead, sure enough," her husband says then, after a pause, and still consumed and just eaten alive by curiosity. "I might have known all the time that it's a shaving outfit. That's exactly what it is, for a sure thing."

"However, his wife most carefully adjusts her side combs and quite refrains from talking. Then he sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and looks her over quizzically."

"Aw, come on, now, like a good girl, and tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we were looking at in the shop window the other afternoon," he says to her in his most persuasive tone.

"Say, Minnie, you might let a feller see what you've got tucked in there, at that."

"Just compare the attitude of the average husband in this Christmas gift business with the position of his wife on that same subject. She doesn't really want to know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be 'sprised.'"

"Look, here, hun," he says to her some morning along toward Christmas—usually he puts it off till about the last day, when everything is all picked over in the stores—"Look a-here, my dear, whatchoo want for Christmas, hey? It's up to you, you know?"

"Why, the very ideal," she exclaims. "Up to me! Preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what I wanted you to get for me."

"Oh, that's one way of looking at it," he says. "But, d'ye know, I was thinking about getting you—"

"Sh-sh-sh! Stop!" she cries. "Don't you dare tell me, Jack Gosling. Don't you dare!"

"All the same, she's foxy, at that. After a while an idea strikes her."

"You know, of course, Jack," she says, musingly, "that if you are worried about the sizes of things, why, your sister Agnes and I wear exactly the same sizes in everything, and she—"

"But, nix," he breaks in. "It isn't anything that comes in size. It's one of those—"

"And again her fingers go into her ears. The 'sprise' is the whole thing to her, and she is resolved not to hear in advance what he is thinking of getting for her."

"Now, if all this doesn't come pretty near proving that women are really less curious than men, then I dunno, I dunno, hey?"

DR. FURNIVALL'S SOLUTION OF THE COLTER "CABIN" MYSTERY

By DR. GEORGE F. BUTLER and HERBERT ILSLEY

Insane Hospital Houses Lad While Unjustly Accused Are Released from Jail on Findings of Great Detective.



VERY short, stout, sailor-appearing man, clean-shaven and wearing a fitless slop-shop suit of blue, with a rusty stovepipe hat on his head and a canvas bag in his hand, came rolling up the street, and after looking hesitatingly around at the numerous lodging-house signs in the windows of the neighborhood, started briskly up the steps of No. 112 and pressed the button.

"Mum," he said to the elderly woman who opened the door, "I see by these here notices that you hev rooms to let, and as that's what I'm arter I kinder cal'lated I'd gin ye a call. How much be they?"

He abstracted a huge roll of bills from his trousers pocket and thrust them bumblingly into her hand.

"Do what ye can for me on that," he continued. "Count it out and see what's in it. 'Twas 300 when I skinned her over, and I cal'lated 'twould do. Stow the ditty-box under the berth and 'long 'bout eight bells I'll drift back and kinder tidy things up a bit for night. Good-day, mum!"

He gave his hat an awkward pull and waddled off hurriedly, leaving the lodging-mistress red in the face and short of breath with the surprise of her life.

"Save us, there's wan man for youse!" she gasped, following him with amazed eyes as he stumped down the street on his short legs, the huge trousers flopping in the wind, the rusty hat pulled down to his ears and the coat-sleeves dangling to within an inch of the tips of his stubby fingers.

At noon the queer lodger returned, received his key and was shown to his quarters. Pausing on the threshold he turned to Mrs. Tull, the flesh of his face packed like hard putty, as immobile as a board, his unwinking eyes staring into her own.

"Mum," he said in voice like a fog-horn, "my name is Colter, Cap'n Joshua S. Colter. This here is my cabin. D'ye see? 'Tis mine for one twelvemonth. Ontil that time is up I cal'late I'm the size myself to load it clean to the skylight, and I don't never 'low to hev no petticoats fussin' up any vessel o' mine. I'll swab the docks and trim sails myself, and now you c'n go below and stay there. Show your fingerhead on my companionway agin without orders and I'll shove ye plumb overboard through the porthole."

At 11 o'clock the next morning, when she heard him bulkily descending the stairs, she stood in the back-parlor doorway to observe him, but had the doughty captain chanced to look that way he could have seen nothing but the tip of an inquisitive nose and the toe of a large boot. It was the same on the second and third mornings, but on the fourth the captain did not appear at 11 o'clock as usual. She felt some uneasiness over this fact, which grew greater when the next day also he remained invisible. For more than 48 hours not a sound had issued from his room. She waited until the next noon, and then, all remaining as quiet as the houses of the dead, she ventured up to the head of the stairs and stood a moment gazing steadfastly at the closed door of the mysterious "cabin."

Always at this stage of reflection, with persons of Ann Tull's grade of mind and experience, the police begin to figure. And within ten minutes afterward she was standing on the stairs pointing out to an inspector and a plain-clothes man the door behind which lurked some dark secret, she was sure.

"Looks to me as if he had run," said the inspector. "How much was he into you, Mrs. Tull?"

"Not wan cent. I know me business. 'Tis in advance I always do be getting it from strange wans."

"Well, I don't see as there's anything for us here," remarked the inspector taking a last look around. "Lock up the room and keep the key till his time is out, or till he comes back. But if anything more turns up let us know at the station." Then he went away with his man.

At eight o'clock a young lithographer, who with his brother, a house-painter, occupied the room directly over the captain's, came jumping down the stairs, and tearing the kitchen door open rushed upon Mrs. Tull, and putting his hands on her shoulders began to sob, crying brokenly:

"Oh, I am sorry, I am sorry! It was Jim and me that done it. I told him we'd be found out, and now it's come. What shall we do? Can't you hide us, Mrs. Tull, and say nothing? Then it will be all right, for nobody

will ever know the difference. He had no friends to come asking for him."

"Lud's sake alive, what's all this?"

"The—the—cap'n!" he stammered. "We was playin' cards—in his room—me and Jim. He said Jim niggled on purpose, and Jim hit him."

"Was he looking, jist, whin Jim struck?" she asked, cynically.

"We didn't think at first he was hurt much," he replied whinily. "But he didn't get up, and when we went to lift him we saw he was gone and—"

"Stop!"

She put out one of her great raw-

him. Physically he was a good duplicate of his brother, of slight build, fair-complexioned, with a face of average intelligence now distorted with fear. He looked at the speaker shrinkingly, and as the last words of the confession left his lips and he became silent, said to his brother:

"For God's sake, Britt, what have you been saying?"

"I couldn't help it, Jim," answered Britt, miserably. "I was goin' crazy, and had to let it out. Something forced me to, I don't know what. I had to speak. But I thought she'd hide us. I didn't suppose she'd go

man of 60, with shrewd black and snappy eyes, evidently a farmer in his Sunday clothes, called on Dr. Furnivall.

"Wal," he said, his eyes searching the floor as if for words, "my name is Alfred Greeley, and I live in Winchester. I've got two boys in this here city, and one on 'em says they—they killed a man, and t'other says they didn't. It don't look noways reasonable to me that either on 'em could do sech a thing, they hed sech a good bringin' up by their mother, but they've ben away from home a purty considerable time now, and p'aps they got inter

"Not as ever I heard on," he answered.

The bars of the cell-door loomed inexorably between them, but the old man advanced, strengthened perhaps by a thought of the gray old mother and wife at home, and stoutly thrusting his arm to the elbow between the cold iron rods wrung his boy's hand.

"You needn't open the door, O'Leary," said Dr. Furnivall to the turnkey. "At any rate not yet. Remain here and remember what passes. Britt, if that is your name, come forward where we can see you. There! Now tell us when you first saw Capt. Colter?"

"I saw him Tuesday night, the first time—and then again Friday night. That was when we done it."

"How did your brother come to strike him?"

From the moment when his eyes first became settled in those of Dr. Furnivall the expression of his face began to change—from self-consciousness to nervousness, to perplexity, to surprise, to earnestness, and finally, as he interrupted himself to ask the question, to deep and absorbed thought. And almost instantly he continued, in the inflectionless tones of a long-dead man:

"I never saw Cap'n Colter in my life!"

The father uttered an exclamation of eagerness mingled with amazement, but Dr. Furnivall motioned for silence.

"Tell me," he said to the prisoner, "why you said you and your brother had done this thing?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever do violence to anybody, you or your brother either?"

"No sir—we never hurt anybody."

"You like to read about people being hurt, in the accident columns, and in stories, don't you? 'Cause such things distasteful to you?"

"I read all I can get about them."

"Do you ever feel quoser in the head—depressed or confused, or as if you wanted to get away from yourself?"

"I'm whirly-headed often, and I can't think sometimes. My head aches a good deal, go out in the night and run it off."

"That's all. Come, Mr. Greeley, we'll have them out of here sooner or later. There's a large ball of red tape to unwind and we'll begin at once."

"But," faltered the bewildered old man, his mind torn by a relief and puzzlement, "if they never done nothin' of the kind how in natur—how—what did he say so for?"

Dr. Furnivall did not wish just yet to inform this loyal old father that his son was afflicted with insane errand tendencies, of a class to which self-inculpative confessions, wholly false, are so common that Quintilian held a suspicion of insanity to be inherent in all confessions. He wished to see the boy again and decide what would best be done with him. He had suspected from the first that this brother and not the other was the afflicted one, if either of them were, the fit of Jim in the police station being merely a natural faint induced by the horror of his position.

Two nights later Ann Tull was startled out of her sleep in the back parlor by a sound in the room overhead, the cabin of mystery. Her feet struck the floor with the suddenness of thought, and goaded by the multitudinous superstitions honestly inherited from generations of wild-headed ancestry, she plunged into her clothes and flew around the corner to the police station. Two officers heard her news and hastily accompanied her back. They crept softly up the stairs, the door of the "cabin" was wide open and the captain stood shaving before the mirror.

The captain looked at the policemen. He showed no surprise. On the contrary he began to address them at once as if he had been expecting this visit, explaining in short, vigorous and forceful phrases that his daughter wished him to live on the farm with her and her husband, while he wished to continue going to sea a little longer. A compromise had been effected by his taking this room near the water where he could get a sight of it when he liked, and inhale its odors, and nevertheless might be whirled in a half hour by train to his daughter in the country. That was where he had just been.

The next morning Dr. Furnivall called on the captain and accompanied him to the district attorney's office. The result was that before night the Greeley boys were released. Britt, however, only exchanged the jail for an insane hospital, where he remains to-day.

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Oh, I'm sorry, I am sorry! It was Jim and me that done it.

boned powerful hands and forced him into a chair. Then she noiselessly closed the kitchen door and returning stood ponderous and threatening before him.

"What at all d'yees mane by 'gone'?" she asked in a voice that frightened him with its strength of repressed ferocity.

"I m-mean he—he was—dead!" he stammered, his face as white as chalk. "What did yees do wid-it?" Her body was trembling now, her voice broke huskily, and the black eyes blazed.

"We took him down stairs—and—and—over to the—the river—"

With grim-set lips and without a word she threw a shawl over her head and marched—the self-confessed criminal to the police station. There he told his story again, in greater detail, but essentially as he had given it to her. As he was finishing Jim was brought in by the two office men who had been hastily dispatched for

back on us this way and get us into trouble."

The brother turned frantically to the desk-man.

"We didn't do it!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "It is all a lie. I never saw the man in my life. I don't believe Britt ever did either. We never was in his room. We didn't know he was missing until tonight when we came home. They told us on the street, and he was as much surprised as I was."

Britt shook his head sorrowfully with a faint smile.

His brother gazed at him in terror, his face as white as a sheet. His lips began to twitch, his hands opened and shut spasmodically, his body trembled violently, his knees bent suddenly, and he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"Epilepsy!" said the desk-man. "That settles it. He's an epileptic, with homicidal tendencies, very likely, just the kind to do a job like this one."

The next day a small, dark, nervous

bad comp'ny. I dunno. They was allers goods boys to home. Anyways, mother has sent me here to kinder look out for 'em, and find out the truth of what they done, and stan' by 'em whatever it was." He paused, lifting his head with a shade of sternly repressed shame in his eyes. "The world is wicked," he went on, with an effort, "and I dunno. None of us ain't perfect. P'aps they was led wrong by somebody. But I got to do what I can. I reckon it'll cost a master sight of money—but there's the farm, with sunthin' like four thousand, and there's a little in the bank—"

"It is the case of Capt. Colter, isn't it," affirmed rather than asked Dr. Furnivall, eying the visitor interestedly through his colored spectacles.

"Yes, sir."

"Was there ever a case of epilepsy in the family, that you know of—back to, say, your grandparents or great-grandparents?"